

"BRUBAKER"

(Tentative Title)

Screenplay by

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Story by

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"BRUBAKER"

FADE IN

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - SUNRISE

1

There's a dirty SECURITY BUS parked out front, accepting a long line of HANDCUFFED PRISONERS, black and white, some in county jail uniforms, some in street clothes.

A BUS DRIVER sits behind the wheel while an ARMED TRANSFER MAN accepts responsibility for the prisoners from SEVERAL UNIFORMED COUNTY OFFICERS. A stack of official-looking manila envelopes changes hands.

ANGLE BEHIND THE JAIL

2

A POLICE CAR speeds up to the rear entrance. A State Trooper tries to hop out from behind the wheel, has some trouble unlocking his seat belt: CAPTAIN GERARD CLEAVES, an insecure, beleaguered individual. He dashes for the building, rings a SECURITY DOORBELL as:

GEORGE BASHFORD, a large, bearish man in a drab suit, struggles from the rear of the car with another of those MANILA ENVELOPES. He turns around to assist the last man out...

...A MAN IN HANDCUFFS...HENRY BRUBAKER. Brubaker's wearing an ill-fitting suit, the jacket and pants may be cut from different fabric. He's unshaven. His tie's loose, and his collar's unbuttoned. But whatever he is, he's getting preferential treatment.

CAPTAIN CLEAVES

(at the back door)

Open up!

BRUBAKER

My wallet...hell, George, take it...

Brubaker shoves his hip at George who quickly fishes out the wallet, locks it into the glove compartment of the squad car.

GEORGE

I'll keep an eye on it.

They join Captain Cleaves who's now showing some I.D. through a viewing window in the door.

CAPTAIN CLEAVES

Red tape.

Cont.

2

2 Cont.

BRUBAKER
(preoccupied)
Wednesday, the thirteenth, noon.

GEORGE
I'll be there.

THE DOOR STARTS UNLOCKING.

BRUBAKER
Noon.

They vanish inside the rear entrance to the county jail.

ANGLE OUT FRONT

3

The SECURITY BUS is starting to make a U-turn in the lot. The front door of the jail opens up, and Captain Cleaves and a COUNTY OFFICER come flying out, Captain Cleaves blocks the bus' exit with his body, legs spread, arms raised -- he's The Law.

Brubaker comes out of the jail next, still handcuffed, striding along with an overriding sense of purpose, head askew, his steps hulky, hunched. George is right behind him, carrying Brubaker's records.

BRUBAKER
Money...I need money...

George digs into his own wallet, empties it, stuffs the bills into Brubaker's jacket.

INT. SECURITY BUS - SUNRISE

4

THE DOOR OPENS UP. The TRANSFER MAN (who rides with his back to the windshield, his face to the prisoners) swings his shotgun at Brubaker and George, ready for trouble.

GEORGE
(showing I.D.)
One more.

He shoves Brubaker up the bus steps, comes half in himself to give over Brubaker's envelope. The Transfer Man accepts it, unlocks the wire cage so Brubaker can settle in.

TRANSFER MAN
Sit down. Anywhere.

Brubaker walks down the aisle as the bus lurches forward.

TRANSFER MAN
Fast.

3

4 Cont.

The movement throws Brubaker down next to a nervous kid named GLENN ELWOOD. There's just a glimpse of Captain Cleaves and George out on the tarmac, visible through the wire cages on the windows, fading as the bus pulls away.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - EARLY MORNING

5

The Prison Bus moves through lush countryside.

INT. SECURITY BUS - MORNING

6

A lot of the men are asleep, Glenn Elwood among them, leaning against the window. Brubaker is wide awake, shifting George's money from his jacket to his shoe. Some ass hole in the back of the bus is WHISTLING an absurdly upbeat tune. His name is FRANK ZARANSKA. He's in street clothes, sporting an enormous greasy waterfall duck's ass hairdo.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

7

The bus rolls through the streets of a fairly good-sized settlement, maybe twenty thousand people live there.

EXT. JUNCTION - DAY

8

A prosperous roadhouse called PIG'S CAFE BAR AND GENERAL STORE sits out in the middle of nowhere as the old bus approaches...

INT. SECURITY BUS - DAY

9

The driver is eyes-front, bored. The Transfer Man reaches across, HONKS THE HORN AT PIG'S, some kind of salute.

EXT. JUNCTION - DAY

10

PIG'S is left behind as the bus reduces speed, slides past a large, imposing sign: ENTERING STATE PROPERTY.

INT. SECURITY BUS - DAY

11

Everyone sure as hell is awake now, looking out anxiously as...

...FAYERWEATHER PRISON FARM comes an antiquated, derelict institution built in 1903, surrounded by rolling farmland and some forested acreage. MEN are working in a nearby field.

GLENN

Don' looks so terrible. Not as bad as they say...

LONG SHOT - OUTSIDE THE BUS

12

A HALF-DOZEN ARMED MEN step forward -- TRUSTY GUARDS. They're wearing khaki uniforms but not badges. There's something menacingly unofficial about them. Maybe it's the variety of weapons: a carbine, a bolt-action...a sawed-off shotgun...a semi-automatic rifle.

EXT. SECURITY BUS - DAY

13

The Driver's first off, and he heads right for the prison gate and guard house.

TRUSTY GATE GUARD

Hey, free world...

(blocking him)

Gimme that weapon.

He wants the Bus Driver's pistol.

DRIVER

I ain't goin' in there unarmed.

VOICE

Then you ain't goin' in there.

The Driver looks up into the face of an imposing black trusty guard...DICKIE COOMBES, the man with the sawed-off shotgun.

DRIVER

I gotta take a leak.

DICKIE

Leak on your tire.

The Transfer Man's come over with the prisoner's records just as Dickie is finishing with the Driver. The new arrivals are lined up and walking under guard toward the main building.

GLENN

You catch the way that big officer told Driver screw off?

ZARANSKA

Ain't no officer.

GLENN

Yeah...the big black one.

ZARANSKA

Ain't got no officers at Fayerweather. Not one. Them's trusties. Doin' time like us. Only doin' it better.

BRUBAKER

They got a warden, don't they?

ZARANSKA

I did two years here in
sixty-eight. Seen him once.

Dickie spots this talking...

DICKIE

Keep movin' and shut you lips.
You don' wanna piss me off 'fore
lunch.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY (ADMINISTRATION WING)

14

The new arrivals shuffle toward three chairs where
THREE BARBERS ("RANKMEN" IN GREY UNIFORMS) wield a variety
of cutting tools and give a variety of haircuts, Brubaker
watching as Zaranska, in front of him, still in street
clothes, takes his place in the chair. The Barber regards
Zaranska's duck's ass hairdo.

ZARANSKA

(with a two-dollar
bribe)

Just a lil' off 'round the ears,
Vidal.

WHITE BARBER

Costs five to get no haircut now,
Zaranska. Two only buys you a
crew cut.

ZARANSKA

Hey, fuck you, I ain't payin'
no five.

WHITE BARBER

Then it all come off. Maybe a
ear with it. Inflation.

Brubaker's settling into a chair, digging into his shoe for
cash. ANOTHER RANKMAN BARBER, a black guy, wraps a filthy
towel around Brubaker's neck...

BLACK BARBER

What's it be, boss?

INT. WARDROBE - DAY

15

Prison-issue pants, shirts, underwear are being handed out
to the new arrivals as they strip, Brubaker among them,
sporting a degrading short haircut now.

WARDROBE TRUSTY #1

I take that shirt.

Right off Brubaker's back.

WARDROBE TRUSTY #2

I already called it.

The Second Trusty rips Brubaker's shirt out of his partner's hand. The loser goes back to Brubaker.

WARDROBE TRUSTY #1

Gimme that watch.

Brubaker turns over his watch, moves on. Zaranska is bald now, obviously having refused to pay top dollar for his haircut.

INT. RANK SHOWERS - NIGHT

16

New arrivals mixed in with the old hands, fifty guys using a bathroom facility intended for twenty. There's no privacy, all the toilets lined side by side against a wall.

Trusties move among the Rankmen, keep them honest. Brubaker starts to reach for a bar of soap on the sink next to him, but the guy washing there (a black man named MR. CLARENCE) grabs it away.

BRUBAKER

Borrow your soap?

MR. CLARENCE

Fuck off.

INT. RANK BARRACKS - NIGHT

17

Paint peeling off the walls, stuffing popping out of mattresses wedged into free-standing sleeping shelves -- a human chicken coop, TWO HUNDRED GUYS LAYERED IN A SPACE DESIGNED FOR HALF THAT MANY. Rankmen languish on their bunks, walk around wrapped in sheets, wearing old rubber boots for house shoes. LARRY LEE BULLEN, a bare-backed, skinny guy covered with homemade tattoos, plunks away on an OLD GUITAR while another RANKMAN plays an entirely different tune on a BENT CLARINET.

LARRY LEE

(sort of singing)

'Well, I'd like to congratulate you tonight...From across the room you almost look life-like...Wearing that garter belt and sexy nylon hose, reminds me of someone...I used to know. I don't care if they say it's the height of folly...for a grown man to play with a rubber

LARRY LEE (Cont.)

dolly... 'cause I've had blondes,
brunettes and redheads, but they
can't hold a candle to a rubber
girl in bed...'

SELMA, A LARGE, OAFISH CHARACTER, sneaks along on all fours, trying to take advantage of Glenn Elwood. Selma sets his big hand on the kid's crotch. Glenn lashes out with his foot, knocks Selma over sideways onto Brubaker's bunk -- onto Brubaker. The barracks' lights flick OFF, ON, OFF, ON.

There's a steel mesh barrier at one end of the barracks, stretching from floor to ceiling, from wall to wall, separating the Rankmen from the TRUSTY GUARDS. THREE of them out here now, playing dominos for dollars, more or less keeping their eyes on the barracks.

TRUSTY (FLOYD BIRDWELL)

I find out who kickin' up in
there I gonna blister his back.

EXT. FAYERWEATHER YARD - MORNING

18

WORK CREWS OF PRISONERS load up onto dozens of flatbed wagons linked like a freight train, pulled by a tractor. ARMED TRUSTIES ON HORSEBACK keep the peace. All the Rankmen have hoes, pass by...

...A HALF-DOZEN of their kind being made examples of, Selma among them, being forced to stand on the wobbly tops of Coke bottles in their cases. It isn't an easy feat and failure gets you the strap.

INT. WARDEN'S HOUSE - MORNING

19

An appealing breakfast table's been set on a small glassed-in sun porch that overlooks the yard and the wagons of Rankmen heading out.

MR. RENFRO, the warden, sits at the table reading a local newspaper that announces in bold headlines "GOVERNOR VOWS REFORM PROGRAM IN FIRST 100 DAYS." His picture's included: a YOUNG MAN, he looks like someone who spells trouble for a person like Renfro.

ANGLE ON LIVING ROOM

20

An obsequious, devious trusty named ROY PURCELL brings in a gigantic framed photo that he's tearing free of its mailer...

ROY PURCELL

You gonna be comin' down the
office today, Mr. Renfro?

No answer.

ROY PURCELL

'Cause I wrote up some letters
like you wanted but maybe you need
to read them first.

Renfro is eating scrambled eggs. Roy Purcell is taking down
an old official portrait of one governor, replacing it with
the picture of the new governor that he just got in the mail.

ROY PURCELL

Nice glossy new portrait of the
new governor here.

A DART! It flies right over Roy Purcell's shoulder, hits the
new governor right in the face!

RENFRO

Don' see much point in worryin'
about paperwork anymore, do you,
Purcell?

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

21

Endless flat farmland. ONE HUNDRED RANKMEN out hoeing in
unison, almost a pretty picture...until you get closer.
WHITE MEN with crew cuts, with slicked-back hair, with side-
burns and tattoos, slaving opposite BLACK MEN with hair
cropped short, all of them dressed in rags despite the cold,
working in segregated parallel lines.

...THE TRUSTY GUARDS, like their charges, black and white,
integrated tyranny, unlike their charges, dressed in warm
jackets, pump shotguns on display. They lounge on their
HORSES, smoke cigarettes, sip coffee near fires where stewpots
simmer invitingly.

Brubaker's in the hoeline, whacking away at the hard earth.
Ten men away from him Zaranska is swinging a tool, ten guys
beyond Zaranska, Glenn Elwood. A TRUSTY comes alive,
concerned at seeing some trucks in the distance.

TRUSTY (EDDIE CALDWELL)

Y'all, hoe face!

Caldwell's near Brubaker, Brubaker taking a second to
interpret the order. It means "about-face", and the whole
line swings around like a drill team...everybody except
Glenn who's got two left feet and not much upstairs.

CALDWELL

Hoe up! Hoe straight!

Cont.

The line shoulders its hoes, stares straight ahead. Caldwell takes off after Glenn, the kid late in turning...

ZARANSKA

(as Caldwell passes)

Hey, he don' know what's all about yet.

CALDWELL

(closing in on

Glenn)

What's about? What's about?

Glenn's in formation now, fumbling to get his hoe at attention. Caldwell goes to his horse, unhooks a STRAP from his saddle. We're picking this up from Brubaker's P.O.V., some twenty yards away.

CALDWELL

I'll tell you what's about. Get down on the ground! Get down on the ground!

Glenn falls...

CALDWELL

You wanna know what's about? I had a dream last night, sonny boy. I had a dream last night you stole my bulldog. Don' you ever let me dream you stole my bulldog again!

And Caldwell whips the kid! Brubaker turns his head, just a little, the way the line was facing, a few seconds ago...

BRUBAKER'S P.O.V.

22

In the distance two gigantic TRAILER TRUCKS rumble across a dirt road...vanish mysteriously over the horizon.

EXT. MESS HALL - MORNING

23

A HUNDRED RANKMEN wait to get in, freezing their asses off in a long line that descends a big staircase from the barracks.

INT. FAYERWEATHER KITCHEN/MESS - MORNING

24

A serving cart is shoved out of the kitchen area, past dirty utensils and big cauldrons of brackish slop percolating on stoves. A RANK SERVER lifts a pot off the cart, upends it into a steam table trough in full view of the diners. The trough overflows, runs onto the floor.

There's DEAD, OPPRESSIVE SILENCE here even though the mess is jammed, TWO HUNDRED RANKMEN eating gruel with bent spoons,

drinking coffee out of tin cans. Voluntary segregation prevails -- black tables and white tables. A TRUSTY GUARD is conspicuously positioned in a cage near the wall, fondling a semi-automatic weapon.

Brubaker moves down the chow line behind Larry Lee who's wearing impenetrable wraparound Italian sunglasses.

LARRY LEE

(to a Server)

Some ass hole stole my cup. You maybe got a cup back there?

RANK SERVER

One left. Five dollars.

LARRY LEE

Two.

RANK SERVER

Three.

LARRY LEE

Sold.

BRUBAKER

Three-fifty.

Larry Lee looks at Brubaker.

LARRY LEE

Four.

BRUBAKER

Four-fifty.

LARRY LEE

Five.

Silence. Brubaker shakes his head -- too much.

RANK SERVER

Sold.

Brubaker moves on, Larry Lee watching him, turning his five dollars over to the Server, getting his cup as a TRUSTY materializes, appropriates four of the Rank Server's five dollars.

ANGLE AT TABLE

25

Brubaker sits down, digs in, barely able to swallow the "food". He fishes a live insect out of his bowl. Larry Lee walks behind him...

LARRY LEE

You just cost me two dollars was needed elsewhere.

EXT. PINE FOREST - DAY

26

SWEATY HANDS CUT TIMBER WITH CHAIN SAWS. A STAKE-BED TRUCK sits at the edge of a clearing, on its doors the words FAYERWEATHER STATE PENAL FARM.

Brubaker slips backward, drops his chain saw and the damn thing keeps buzzing, dancing around on the ground! HUEY RAUCH, a trusty, cocks his shotgun for no good reason. Huey's an affable sort of prick with a lot of hidden authority.

HUEY

Go on, pick her up.

Brubaker considers that, considers Huey's shotgun.

BRUBAKER

Can't...I wired the trigger.

Zaranska watches. Larry Lee watches. Brubaker thinks fast, desperately kicks dirt at his saw, choking the motor...

HUEY

That gonna cost you good to fix it up, ass hole. Teach you customize State property.

EXT. LUMBERYARD - TOWN - LATE DAY

27

The timbering crew is here now, unloading its harvest near a wood plank wall festooned with huge lettering: WOODWARD LUMBER - "OUR WOOD'S AS GOOD AS OUR WORD..." C.P. WOODWARD.

Huey is drinking a bottle of beer, selecting guys off the timber crew. A CLOSED-BED FAYERWEATHER TRUCK is arriving. So is C.P. WOODWARD, lumberyard owner, crossing the yard from his office, concerned.

C.P.

Hey, where you takin' these boys, Huey? I got inventory.

HUEY

Just a few.

Brubaker among them. They start to climb into the back of that new truck.

EXT. PIG'S CAFE BAR - LATE DAY

28

The closed-bed truck arrives. Huey's up front with the Trusty Driver, still nursing his beer. He goes into the cafe with it.

INT. PIG'S CAFE BAR - LATE DAY

29

Huey comes in, leans over the bar, starts refilling his empty bottle directly from the tap.

VOICE

I do that, I do that.

PIG NEWTON, the proprietor. He's been in the grocery department with his sister CAROL, putting toilet paper on the shelves.

HUEY

Oink, oink, Pig, how they hangin'?

Pig gets a glass, fills it for Huey, shaves the head off with great attention to detail, too slow for Huey who's already drinking from his bottle again.

PIG

Where's my meat?

Coming in the door, Brubaker muscling in the hindquarter of an entire side of beef, Glenn taking the front end.

PIG

Freezer, freezer. What the hell is this? Renfro tol' me he's sendin' two steers. That ain't two steers.

HUEY

Where's Carol at? She over there?

Huey wanders into the grocery department, spies Carol.

HUEY

Lookin' good...

CAROL

I can't go out there tonight. My brother's got me workin' till ten.

EXT. LUMBERYARD - LATE DAY

30

Larry Lee's busting his balls trying to stack a massive rough-sawn log up onto a pile, three guys shoving at the thing with him. It slips, catches Larry Lee's finger, sends him spinning away!

LARRY LEE

Shit, fuck! Goddamn cocksuckin' son of a bitch!

BLACK TRUSTY

What you moanin' 'bout, Bullen?
Shut up 'n move that log!

LARRY LEE

You move it, moron! I got my
finger cracked...

The Trusty backs off with a laugh, doesn't think it's worth taking Larry Lee on this late in the day.

13

EXT. PIG'S CAFE BAR - DUSK

31

Brubaker and the other Rankmen are sitting in the back of the truck, wiped out. The Trusty behind the wheel LEANS ON HIS HORN until Huey comes out, exchanging sweet nothings with Carol.

EXT. LUMBERYARD - DUSK

32

Brubaker's truck returns. The heavy timber's been nearly stacked, the lumberyard security lights on. Huey jumps out of the truck, chewing out the Trusty he left in charge.

HUEY

What the hell you been doin'?
 Lettin' 'em take siestas? They
 suppose' be loaded up already.
 Get them worms back on the damn
 farm!

Larry Lee hears that, and it's all he needs. He's got his injured finger wrapped in a dirty towel. He kicks at a wedge with his foot, sends several tons of CEDAR crashing into the yard, scattering Trusties, logs bouncing dangerously. Huey goes crazy, charges at the Rankmen around Larry Lee.

HUEY

Where's the somabitch rankman,
 shithead 'at did it! You?

HILL WHITLEY (a Rankman) flicks his head in Larry Lee's general direction. Huey stares at Larry Lee for a moment, then backhands him violently! Larry Lee's sunglasses fly off! But he doesn't flinch. It's a chilling instant, startling Huey, Larry Lee ten times as defiant as he figured. Brubaker sees it all.

INT. TRUSTY DORMITORY - NIGHT

33

A corridor with private rooms leading off on either side -- easy living compared to the rank commons. Trusties walk from room to room, socializing, drinking beer, listening to MUSIC. Huey enters at the far end, and we GO WITH him PAST...
 DICKIE'S ROOM. Dickie Coombes looks up as Huey passes, both men aware of each other's presence in the dorm.

ANGLE ON LOUNGE

34

Huey enters. There're pinups all over the walls, a coffee machine, a vending machine. Eddie Caldwell and another guy are watching a wrestling match on a new color TV.

CALDWELL

Look who come slummin'!

Huey just shuts the set off. He's got a job for these guys.

14

ANGLE ON STAIRS

35

Caldwell and his buddy come down a staircase into the area, giving us a fix on where the trusty dorm must be -- upstairs. Caldwell has a key to the rank cage. He unlocks it. His friend has a sidearm.

INT. RANK BARRACKS - NIGHT

36

Most everyone is trying to sleep. The silhouettes of the two Trusties move noiselessly through the barracks. Glenn watches them. Brubaker sees them too. They come right toward him, stand by his bunk, nudge the guy sleeping in the bunk above Brubaker...Larry Lee.

CALDWELL

Hey, Bullen, wake up, man.

LARRY LEE

Wha...?

CALDWELL

You got a phone call.

LARRY LEE

What?

CALDWELL

A phone call.

Larry Lee wakes up fast, goes crazy, pulls a KNIFE out from under his pillow, loses it a second later, kicking, punching, resisting. Brubaker jumps up. A few other Rankmen come forward, one of them finding Larry Lee's knife, hiding it under his pillow. It looks like major trouble about to erupt until more Rankmen come into it, restrain their friends, Zaranska pulling Brubaker back.

ZARANSKA

Cool it, Henry, or you be gettin' a phone call too.

Larry Lee's hauled away, fighting for his life, out through the cage, gone.

BRUBAKER

What the hell's so terrible about a phone call?

ZARANSKA

They reverse the charges.

Zaranska goes back to his bunk, into shadow.

EXT. FAYERWEATHER YARD - MORNING

37

An old black Rankman named ABRAHAM COOKE raises the American flag on a tall pole near the main building. Abraham moves

Cont.

slowly, probably understands very little these days. Dickie Coombes is choosing the black work assignments, Huey Rauch the white. The work details aren't segregated, but the selection process seems to be respecting color lines. A lot of farm wagons are already chugging out, overloaded.

DICKIE

You, you, you...laundry. You,
you you...slaughterhouse. You...

A CHINESE RANKMAN appears, LEONARD NG, a mean motherfucker, probably a Tong murderer. Dickie claims him.

DICKIE

You...laundry.

Huey grabs Ng, directs him another way. He's obviously disputed jurisdiction.

HUEY

(to Ng)

Shit detail.

(to Brubaker)

Shit detail. You too, Bullen.

Larry Lee. He looks awful, pale, lethargic.

DICKIE

Wait, a minute, Rauch. That
man can't even...

HUEY

You deal black. I deal white.

(easing up)

Besides might as well, seein'g's
how Bullen got refried shit for
brains anyway this mornin', huh?

Larry Lee starts one way, but Ng redirects him toward the LATRINE WAGON.

INT. DEATH ROW - (SEPARATE BUILDING) - DAY

38

A strange ritual: Larry Lee, dazed and ashen, shuffles out of a small cell with a slop bucket in hand. Brubaker stands just outside with an ARMED BLACK TRUSTY. Larry Lee gives the full bucket to Brubaker, gets an empty one in return, waits while the Trusty unlocks another cell, moves the TWO CONDEMNED MEN out of it and into the one that's just been cleaned. Larry Lee shuffles into the empty cell as Brubaker and the Trusty leave the area, exit through barred gates which the Trusty at once locks.

Cont.

Death Row is a tight quadrant comprised of a DOZEN CELLS looking in on each other from three sides of a 9 x 12 CENTRAL COMMONS. There is no daylight. TWELVE MEN languish in solitary cells, taking turns doubling up while Larry Lee cleans their toilets. A TINY SQUEAKING SOUND begins behind Larry Lee...coming from another cell...one that should be locked. But its door is opening ever so slowly...

EXT. DEATH ROW FACILITY - DAY

39

Brubaker comes outside with his foul cargo, dumps it into a latrine wagon manned by Leonard Ng, both of them sick to their stomachs. There's ANOTHER BLACK TRUSTY out here, standing a safe distance away, watching Dickie Coombes lift weights with enormous concentration in the recreation area.

A commotion! SHOUTING and RATTLING reverberate from inside Death Row...

INT. DEATH ROW - DAY

40

A HUGE BLACK CONDEMNED MAN, WALTER CLARK, has his massive forearm locked around Larry Lee's throat, dragging Larry Lee around like a rag doll, hollering like the world was ending while THE OTHER CONDEMNED MEN cower in their cells.

WALTER

I'm rip this cat's head off!
You get the man in here! I got
to talk to the man now!

Larry Lee's choking, his eyes coming out of his head. The first Trusty comes in from outside to see what the hell's going on, Brubaker and Ng next.

WALTER

I hear his neck snappin'! I do!
Where the man? Where he at?

BRUBAKER

(to the Trusty)
What's he want?

WALTER

I want respect! You fuckin'
somabitches hear me out there?

WHITE TRUSTY GUARD

We hear you, Walter, we hear you.

WALTER

I want the man! You understand!
I want some fuckin' respect 'round
here...

(suddenly singing)

R-E-S-P-E-C-T! FIND OUT WHAT IT
MEANS TO ME!

WHITE TRUSTY GUARD
Shut up, you ass hole moron! You
upsetting all these other condemned
men!

WALTER
(singing)
JUST A LITTLE BIT, DA, DA, DA!
JUST A LITTLE BIT, DA, DA, DA!

Brubaker grabs a ring of keys from the Trusty.

BRUBAKER
Which key's for this door?

WHITE TRUSTY GUARD
Big square one. You plannin' on
goin' in there, worm?

BRUBAKER
Yes.

Larry Lee is kicking, gagging, Walter swinging him around
like a sack of potatoes.

WHITE TRUSTY GUARD
Them little keys is for the
individual cells. Got 'em numbered
'n'everything. Nice knowin' ya.

WALTER
You got five seconds! One!
Two!

Brubaker lets himself into the commons, relocks the barred
door behind him. Walter looks at him.

BRUBAKER
Hey, Walt, let's talk this over.
Huh? What say?

WALTER
Who the fuck you are? I want
the man.
(singing)
R-E-S-P-E-C-T! FIND OUT WHAT
IT MEANS TO ME.

BRUBAKER
I am the man...the new man. I'm
the new warden here, Henry Brubaker.

A TRUSTY laughs. But not Walter. He looks Brubaker in the
eye...drops Larry Lee to the floor. Larry Lee scurries into
a corner, gasping. Dickie comes inside the building.

DICKIE
What the hell's going on?

WHITE TRUSTY GUARD
Just a little entertainment.

BRUBAKER
(kneeling close to
Larry Lee)
What's his problem? Quick.

LARRY LEE
He's...crazy...

Brubaker is suddenly LIFTED clear off his feet! Walter's got him, hammering him up against the bars, looking into his face from an inch away.

WALTER
Don't mess wif my head...new
warden...shit...

BRUBAKER
It's the truth...swear to God.

WALTER
Then why you look like a
scum bag?

BRUBAKER
I'm fooling those guys out there.

Brubaker winks at Walter -- a secret. Walter looks over his shoulder at the TRUSTIES, back at Brubaker...smiles. Brubaker smiles. Suddenly:

WALTER
Then when you gonna paint
this place!

Brubaker is staring into the eyes of a lunatic, and he knows it. An awful silence.

BRUBAKER
What's...your...favorite...color?

Walter lowers him slowly to the floor.

WALTER
Yellow. I want a pitcher winnow
in my cell.

Brubaker starts circling, gets Walter circling backwards...

Cont.

BRUBAKER

That your cell there? The empty one?

WALTER

I want one a them high-low pinto shag pile rugs 'n some liquor 'n a TV set like them fuckin' trusties all got, 'n if you can't help me I wanna talk to the Governor hisself 'cause he say things is gonna change!

BRUBAKER

They are.

He looks into Walter's cell -- it's pathetic, tiny, with plaster flaking off the walls, a bare light bulb, no window of any kind, a filthy commode, a broken-down bed.

BRUBAKER

Which wall?

WALTER

Which wall what?

BRUBAKER

The picture window.

Walter regards his grim little home. Brubaker outflanks him. Larry Lee draws deeper into the corner.

WALTER

Maybe I want a skylight too.

BRUBAKER

Show me where exactly.

Is this really going to work? Brubaker is sweating, Walter stepping toward his cell...and Brubaker charges, head-first slamming the huge convict sideways into the cell! Walter crashes onto his commode, destroys it as Brubaker scrambles up, slams the cell door, fumbles desperately with the ring of keys...

BRUBAKER

Which key? Which number?

No one volunteers the answer. Brubaker tries key after key, Walter getting up on his big feet. Dickie grabs the Trusty Guard by the arm, applies some pressure...

TRUSTY GUARD

Five.

Walter charges! Brubaker stuffs the number 5 key into the lock, turns it as Walter crashes against the bars, his fat fist flying out, catching Brubaker in the gut, knocking him clear across the room and onto Larry Lee! Silence.

BRUBAKER

How's it going?

LARRY LEE

Hurts.

They get up. Brubaker unlocks the main door, returning the key ring to the Trusty Guard.

BRUBAKER

Get this place painted.

TRUSTY GUARD

(amused)

What color?

BRUBAKER

Any fucking color he wants.

(of Larry Lee)

And see that this man gets some medical attention.

Brubaker starts for the outside.

TRUSTY GUARD

What we got in this place?

Nothin' but lunatics 'n retards?

DICKIE

Where you goin'?

BRUBAKER

(sidestepping him)

To my office.

EXT. DEATH ROW FACILITY - DAY

41

Brubaker comes out fast, determined. Dickie steps out, thinks about it for a second, breaks into a quick sprint, cuts Brubaker off.

BRUBAKER

Mess with me now, you'll regret it tomorrow.

DICKIE

We don' work this out fast, mister, you ain't gonna be around tomorrow.

BRUBAKER

Look, get out of my way, okay?
I mean it.

They stare at each other. There's something utterly guileless in Brubaker's crazed manner. He starts walking again, a lurch that puts him around Dickie in a blink. Dickie turns, catches up, moves with him, fascinated.

DICKIE

I'm supposed believe you are
what you say you are, right?

BRUBAKER

You want I.D.?

DICKIE

Yeah, I want I.D.

BRUBAKER

Article Nineteen, State Penal Code:
no individual shall be housed in
a facility wherein there is no
free circulation of fresh air --
or wherein there is less than one
square foot access for natural light
per three square yards of living
space.

They're approaching the main administration building.

DICKIE

Don' prove shit. You can read
that in a comic book.

BRUBAKER

Where's Renfro?

DICKIE

All I gotta do is wave my hand,
and that guard tower gonna blow
you out.

BRUBAKER

Or keep walking with me like the
smart escort I figure you to be.
Where's Renfro?

DICKIE

Inside.

HIGH ANGLE DOWN

OVER the shoulder of a TRUSTY GUARD as Brubaker and Dickie
enter the building.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

Brubaker moves down a hall filled with PRISONERS handling paperwork, Dickie on his heels, the two of them heading past banks of old metal file cabinets toward a desk and reception area in front of the WARDEN'S OFFICE. Roy Purcell is the trusty-in-charge here, the warden's Girl Friday behind his big desk and three-telephone communications nerve center.

BURL NEVINS, the free world file clerk/purchasing agent for Fayerweather, sits at a table near the door, working on a manual adding machine. Brubaker slides right past them, starts knocking on the Warden's door.

ROY PURCELL

Hey...

BRUBAKER

He in?

ROY PURCELL

Not for you...who the hell...?

Brubaker opens the door, vanishes inside.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Cavernous. The office is heaped with a ton of old records, newspapers, accounting sheets and assorted governmental studies. Disarray. Way down at the other end Renfro is behind a desk, clipping his fingernails onto the blotter. Brubaker comes forward, and Renfro jumps up, unholsters his pistol, aiming it at the intruder with both hands.

RENFRO

Stop right there!

Brubaker does, sort of raises his hands as Dickie and Purcell mass in the office doorway.

BRUBAKER

Sorry. My name's Henry Brubaker. I gotta talk to you. I didn't want it this way, but this is the way it is: I'm replacing you.

Silence. Renfro just stares at Brubaker a long thoughtful moment...COCKS HIS PISTOL.

RENFRO

Coombes? You wanna give me a hand here?

BRUBAKER

Look, call George Bashford. He's the governor's special assistant. He's on the prison board. You can reach him at...

RENFRO

Purcell! Nevins! Get in here.

Purcell comes in warily, eyeing Brubaker, sizing him up.
Nevins pokes his head in near Dickie.

ROY PURCELL

Yes, sir, Mr. Renfro?

RENFRO

Who is this person?

ROY PURCELL

He just come bustin' right past me...

MR. NEVINS

(laughing)

Coombes says he thinks he's the new warden.

BRUBAKER

You're Nevins. Burl. State employee. Purchasing, accounting. Been here...what...five years?

MR. NEVINS

(impressed)

Yes, sir. That's all true.

Renfro lowers his gun, knows there's something going on here.
He's no idiot.

EXT. WARDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

45

A STATE POLICE CAR parked out front, FIGURES moving around inside, backlighted by lampglow. A TROOPER comes out with a suitcase, puts it into the squad car.

INT. WARDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

46

Brubaker's on the phone, still wearing his prison clothes.

BRUBAKER

I know, I know. Just let me try to handle it, George, okay?

He hangs up. The Trooper comes in the front door. Renfro comes out of the bedroom, dumps a garment bag on the cop.

TROOPER

I take that for you.

Renfro collects more personal effects, forcing Brubaker to move his feet.

BRUBAKER

Look...I know all about political appointments. I've been on the short end once or twice myself.

Renfro walks out into the kitchen where Purcell is packing up cabinets. Brubaker's left alone in the living room.

BRUBAKER

(raising his voice)

Isn't there any way I can talk you into sticking around here? Maybe for a week? I need some information how you ran this place day to day.

Silence. Renfro comes back in with a box of foodstuffs.

RENFRO

I didn't run this place. Warden doesn't run Fayerweather.

BRUBAKER

You mean the trustees do?

Renfro laughs to himself, keeps at his packing.

RENFRO

This place done run itself.

EXT. WARDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

47

The Trooper slams his trunk shut, comes around to the driver's seat. Renfro, Purcell, and Brubaker are coming out of the house.

ROY PURCELL

I'll make sure all your magazines get forwarded, don't worry.

RENFRO

I'm not worried. You just take care of yourself, Purcell. Try to do the rest of your time good.

(to Brubaker)

You know, smartest thing you ever did was come in here incognicent. Dumbest was stepping forward. You want it, you got it. 'Bye, 'bye.

Renfro climbs into the squad car, zooms off into the darkness.

INT. WARDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brubaker and Purcell a minute later. Brubaker walks slowly around the room, taking it all in...stacks of magazines, empty pop cans on the end tables.

ROY PURCELL

She's all yours now.

Brubaker doesn't say anything, reads the little tags on more file cabinets in here, making Purcell nervous. Brubaker tugs on a drawer...locked.

ROY PURCELL

We can find keys for those
somewheres if you want.

BRUBAKER

Thank you.

He blows a cloud of dust off some paperwork cascading from a cabinet. Purcell gets the message, scampers to tidy up.

ROY PURCELL

That Renfro was a human pig.

Brubaker watches Purcell hustle around, suck up to him, lug some debris to an overflowing wastebasket.

ROY PURCELL

I imagine you learned a lot in
them barracks.

BRUBAKER

Yes, Purcell, I did.

ROY PURCELL

(producing a
package)

Got you your suit back here.
'N your watch. I checked it out.
Still got seventeen jewels.
Sometimes seventeen turns into
six.

BRUBAKER

I have some work to do tonight.
You can go.

Purcell starts out. Brubaker opens a desk drawer, pulls on a chain of paper clips, lifts it high over his head. The chain just keeps on coming out, no end in sight.

BRUBAKER

Mr. Purcell, get the entire
population assembled in the yard
after breakfast.

26

EXT. FAYERWEATHER PRISON FARM - MORNING

49

Soft first light. Crude posts strung with barbed-wire surround a complex of buildings and a central yard. At each corner, wooden guard towers stand against the sky.

INT. GUARD TOWER - MORNING

50

Floyd Birdwell's been on duty all night, cradling a high-powered rifle with a telescopic sight. He aims the weapon around the yard. He'd love to open fire, you can just tell he would...CROSS HAIRS RAKE OVER the muddy prison yard, SETTLE ominously on a bizarre little ceremony taking place down at the flagpole.

EXT. FAYERWEATHER YARD - MORNING

51

The whole prison population stands in half-ass rows, Brubaker with Mr. Nevins and the trusties, everyone watching old Abraham Cooke try to raise the flag. Leonard Ng plays "America the Beautiful" in fits and starts on that bent clarinet we heard in the barracks.

The flag goes up halfway, gets tangled. Brubaker and Dickie eye each other. Brubaker's clean-shaven, wearing his own clothes, a warm jacket. Abraham can't get the damn rop to work right on his flag. There's a kink or something. Dickie gives Abraham a quick assist, and the flag shoots up to SCATTERED APPLAUSE AND CHEERING. Brubaker steps forward, Dickie gently motioning Abraham toward the crowd so he'll be able to take in the big event.

BRUBAKER

Can everyone hear me?

RANKMAN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Ass hole!

No way of knowing who said it. Brubaker spots Larry Lee Bullen standing close to the front, behind those fancy sunglasses.

BRUBAKER

My name's Henry Brubaker. I am what the Governor promised: I'm a reform warden. And normally when I take over an institution...

BLACK RANKMAN

You sneaks in like James Fuckin' Bond!

BRUBAKER

Shut up, Goddamn it!

Silence.

BRUBAKER

Mr. Purcell?

Cont.

Brubaker turns to Purcell, extends his hand. Purcell gives him a rolled-up leather strap. Brubaker uncoils it slowly... CRACKS IT.

BRUBAKER

This thing is gone. Any trusty here wants to go back to raking rocks for a living, just use this leather on a man in your charge.

VOICE

Can't hear you back here!

It's a taunt. Brubaker ignores it.

BRUBAKER

As of today no more fifteen-hour shifts. We're gonna figure out some way to make this place produce like a twentieth-century farm.

VOICE

(derisive)

Woo! Tell me more!

BRUBAKER

You go out into those fields and you plant vegetables. When you harvest them...you can eat them. Instead of the dog squeeze they're feeding us now.

VOICE

What about in the meantime?

BRUBAKER

I'm not saying it's gonna be easy. But if you catch me not trying, or if you come to think I'm lying to you...then go on strike or burn the damn place down.

HUEY

What happens if a individual starts excapin'? You want us just to wave so long?

BRUBAKER

You're a guard? You are a guard, aren't you? Shoot the man. Wound him if you can because nobody's getting paroled for killing escaping inmates anymore.

(pause)

Let's get something straight. I figure most of you guys belong in here. I figure that basically you don't have much respect for other people or for yourselves.

Cont.

LARRY LEE

Then why the fuck we should believe you?

Brubaker looks at Larry Lee. He's saved this man's life and he still has to take shit from him? SIRENS! They're approaching the main gate...TWO POLICE CARS arriving with boisterous authority, drawing everyone's attention.

BRUBAKER

Because it looks to me like right now you don't have any other choice.

ANGLE ON FAYERWEATHER GATE

52

STATE POLICE CARS, the lead auto crammed with TROOPERS, the second vehicle driven by a lone OFFICER chauffeuring two civilians. A TRUSTY GATE GUARD is collecting all the Trooper's weapons as they're handed to him through the car window. ANOTHER TRUSTY GUARD searches the trunk.

INT. SECOND SQUAD CAR - MORNING

53

The driver, none other than Captain Gerard Cleaves, is unholstering his own sidearm. George Bashford is sitting next to him.

Captain Cleaves rolls his car up to the Guard who leans in, eyes George, collects the Captain's weapon.

TRUSTY GUARD

You bubble's still on, Cleaves.

Captain Cleaves dutifully shuts it off.

GEORGE

Take that weapon back, Captain.

JOHN DEACH

(from behind)

Leave it be, Mr. Bashford. You can't change the laws of this state by yourself.

TRUSTY GUARD

(noticing)

Hey, Mr. Deach? What the hell's goin' on?

JOHN DEACH doesn't answer. He's all alone, entrenched in the backseat, staring straight ahead. Deach is in his fifties, a prosperous businessman, the chairman of the State Prison Board.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

54

Chaos, George Bashford on the phone, coordinating the transition, structuring a press release, Brubaker impatiently submitting to an oath-taking that Captain Cleaves administers in great confused haste from a single copy of a text he has to share with the new warden.

John Deach is sitting at Renfro's old desk, studying Brubaker's fake prison records. Roy Purcell is at the door.

CAPTAIN CLEAVES
'...to serve the people of
this state and of the
entire United States...'

GEORGE
(on phone)
Say something like 'events
dictated, time waits for
no man...'

BRUBAKER
This is ridiculous.

JOHN DEACH
What it is is against the law
to run a prison without
taking a loyalty oath.

GEORGE
(to Deach)
The Governor authorized the
masquerade. We had to keep
it quiet.

BRUBAKER
'...to serve the people of
this state and of the entire
United States of America
honestly and faithfully.'

JOHN DEACH
Nonetheless the chairman of
the prison board should have
been informed. I can't be
in the dark on something
like this.

BRUBAKER
George, wait a second. No
publicity about how I came
in.

GEORGE
Why not? It's good stuff.
(into phone)
Hold on a second...

CAPTAIN CLEAVES
Be loyal to my superiors...

BRUBAKER
(to George)
I know what I'm saying. No
publicity.

GEORGE
(to phone)
Okay. Hold that last part...

JOHN DEACH

I'd like to know what your immediate plans are, Henry. Can I call you that?

BRUBAKER

I'll tell you what I need. I need food, real food. Medical supplies, a full-time doctor, and a professional-paid prison staff, hand-picked, but real guards. People get their heads smashed here everyday.

JOHN DEACH

Whoa...hold on. That's a matter for the legislature. But I tell you what I can do. Leave these state troopers here, get you a court order for a legitimate peace-keeping force until you get a stranglehold on the place.

BRUBAKER

No.

JOHN DEACH

It's okay. They'll be able to carry weapons temporarily.

BRUBAKER

No.

CAPTAIN CLEAVES

'Be loyal to my superiors.'
Say it.

BRUBAKER

'Be loyal to my superiors.'
George, I want to do this later, okay?

JOHN DEACH

I thought you needed help!

BRUBAKER

That's not the way. They leave, take their guns with them, I'm hung out to dry.

GEORGE

(into phone)

He was a Navy Captain. Ran their military prison compound in Maryland... Three years...Assistant warden at Indiana. Then taught penology for three years at Price University. Hold on.

(to Brubaker)

How old are you? Thirty-nine?

BRUBAKER

Forty.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Forty, okay. Ted, read it back to me.

JOHN DEACH

Thought you wanted control.

BRUBAKER

All the prison board can give me here is authority. The rest is up to me. I'll work it out.

JOHN DEACH

Well, the Governor seems behind you. You got style, that's for sure. I hope to God something's behind it.

BRUBAKER

George, can I talk to you a second?

GEORGE

(into phone)

I'll have to get back to you, Ted...

CAPTAIN CLEAVES

'...and obey and enforce the law without fear...'

BRUBAKER

'Without fear, favor, or discrimination as to color...'

GEORGE

(into phone)

No, keep it controversial...don't be afraid...that's what we are selling, Ted. Good-bye.

CAPTAIN CLEAVES

'Color...race...or creed...'

BRUBAKER

'Color...race...'

JOHN DEACH

We'll support you, son. Just try and relax a little.

George hangs up, turns to Brubaker.

What?

GEORGE

'Creed.'

CAPTAIN CLEAVES

What?

BRUBAKER

Say 'creed'. You forgot to say
'creed'.

CAPTAIN CLEAVES

EXT. FAYERWEATHER YARD - LONG SHOT - MORNING

55

Trucks carry work crews of Rankmen out to the fields while the State Troopers get their weapons back from the Trusty Guards. Alongside Captain Cleaves' squad car, Brubaker (inconspicuously armed with a holstered revolver) is saying his good-byes to Deach and George, Deach getting into the backseat as Captain Cleaves opens and shuts the door for him.

CLOSE SHOT

56

For a moment, Brubaker and George are left in private. George dropping his effusive, take-charge tone, talks fast, low.

What the hell happened to your hair?

GEORGE

They swept it up. Sent it home
to Mother.

BRUBAKER

Learn much?

GEORGE

Too much.

BRUBAKER

Too much to handle?

GEORGE

Probably.

BRUBAKER

So?

GEORGE

I may need more time than I
thought to turn this place around.
I pissed a lot of these guys off,
coming in, lying.

BRUBAKER

GEORGE

Trusties? Fuck 'em.

BRUBAKER

And rankmen. Now I gotta deal with that. That's why I don't want to go around bragging to the newspapers.

GEORGE

Gotcha. How's it feel?

BRUBAKER

How's what feel?

GEORGE

To be back in action? To have a real job again? This is no classroom, Henry.

Silence. Brubaker looks around for a second, at the enormity of the task.

BRUBAKER

It scares the shit out of me.

George looks in at Deach through the closed car window, smiles at him.

GEORGE

I just want to tell you, sir, that you are one of the ugliest, most dishonorable individuals I have ever laid eyes on.

JOHN DEACH

(rolling down
his window)

I've got an eleven o'clock, George. What's the problem?

BRUBAKER

No problem. George was just telling me how you are one of ...the most punctual and responsible men he's ever had the pleasure of dealing with.

George gets into the front seat before Captain Cleaves can open the door for him. Brubaker's on his own.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY (MINUTES
LATER)

A beehive of unfocused, counter-productive activity. Roy Purcell at his desk in a snazzy sports jacket, transacting business with another Trusty, a desperate nervous black dude named FENWAY PARK.

ROY PURCELL

That ain't exactly no king's
ransom, Fenway. Come on, come
on.

Burl Nevins hovers in the b.g., perplexed, trying to file a stack of invoices as Brubaker enters the building, starts down the corridor. And that makes Purcell anxious. Fenway tries to add another ten-dollar bill to a pile of cash in front of Purcell, but Purcell stops him. Old Abraham, who's been sitting patiently by, watches all this, watches Brubaker arrive.

BRUBAKER

Purcell, get in here.

Purcell jumps up, hustles into the office after Brubaker.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

ROY PURCELL

Yes, sir, I thought you
impressed them prison board
people real good.

BRUBAKER

I want you to get me a dozen
pair of sunglasses, can you do
that?

ROY PURCELL

Polarized? Tinted? I can get
you them kind's like a mirror
in the front where people can't
see in.

BRUBAKER

Just regular sunglasses.

ROY PURCELL

Look, Captain...

BRUBAKER

Mister.

Cont.

ROY PURCELL

Look, Mr. Brubaker, I understand you probably ready to make new job assignments around here, pick your own warden's clerk. But I just wanna have a shot at making my own case. I'm not the smartest guy in the world, but I do know this place 'n this job better than any man here. I been Captain's clerk here I mean warden's clerk for eight years. What you got here is rural people. Not too good at paper work. No sophistication. I'm not tryin' to put nobody down but that's just the way it is.

BRUBAKER

What're you in for, Mr. Purcell?

ROY PURCELL

Robbery 'n extortion.

BRUBAKER

Undoubtedly you were framed.

ROY PURCELL

I really was. Anyway, whatever you want, whatever...

BRUBAKER

Just the glasses for now.

ROY PURCELL

Sure. They all for you?

BRUBAKER

None for me, Purcell.

ROY PURCELL

Right.

He backs out.

ANGLE ON OUTER OFFICE

Purcell appears, at once in the thick of it again, still confused about Brubaker.

ABRAHAM COOKE

What about my parakeet, Mr. Purcell?
They let him out on purpose.

ROY PURCELL

Shut up, Abraham, okay, huh?
I got more trouble today than
a runaway bird.

FENWAY PARK

Look, Purcell, I need to supervise
a desk like you. You's overworked.

ROY PURCELL

Ain't up to me totally. Wish
it was. I got to answer to
Mr. Nevins here. Ain't that right,
Burl?

MR. NEVINS

You call me by my proper name
or I ain't even answering.

Purcell's looking through the phone book...

ROY PURCELL

Okay, Fenway, you want a job?
Spell opthamology.

EXT. DEATH ROW FACILITY - DAY

60

The exterior door opens up, and Walter Clark sticks his head
out. He's wearing sunglasses, but the daylight's still
blinding to his sensitive eyes.

BRUBAKER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Come on.

Walter steps out. Then Brubaker. ARMED TRUSTY GUARDS
watch nervously as the OTHER ELEVEN CONDEMNED MEN come out,
all of them wearing sunglasses, calculating each step, like
they're walking on the moon.

Purcell is out here watching, Huey too, a short distance
off.

BRUBAKER

(to Purcell)

From now on these men get out
of their cells once a day, not
once every six months.

A few condemned men have sought the shade, one man's fallen to his knees, running his hands over the grass.

Huey turns around, walks away.

CROSSHAIR P.O.V. - NIGHT

61

Ominous...it MOVES over the prison yard...INCHES up a Guard Tower...SETTLES on a TRUSTY GUARD who's staring right back at us through binoculars...

BRUBAKER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Tower Six. Who am I looking at?
He's looking at me.

DICKIE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Up there you got Douglas Mizell.

INT. WARDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

62

The glassed-in sun porch, crammed with furniture and Renfro's leftovers. Brubaker stands in low light holding a rifle scope like a spyglass. Dickie Coombes sits in the living room, sipping a cup of coffee, preposterously out of place.

BRUBAKER

Who the hell is Douglas Mizell?

DICKIE

A forger. Three times grand theft.

Brubaker comes into the living room, takes a store-bought cookie from a plate, starts to fit the scope to his rifle and munch. It's a mess in here as well.

BRUBAKER

I want you to give me a rundown on every man's got tower duty.

DICKIE

That's Purcell's job.

BRUBAKER

I don't mean records and files.
I want your opinion.

(pause)

I want only murderers up there,
one-time impulse killers.

DICKIE

Takin' some kind of chance.

Cont.

BRUBAKER

You know I'm not. It's the
habituals you can't trust.
Murderers, most of them, they
got it out of their systems
already. Like you, right?

Dickie is watching Brubaker carefully, watching him assemble
the weapon, eat cookies.

DICKIE

Ain't no one else here like me.

BRUBAKER

But you're in for Murder One,
right? Killed a man when you
were sixteen.

DICKIE

Seventeen. He molested my wife.
She never recovered. I did him
right there...with a chain saw.

BRUBAKER

Whatever. The point is you've
been a model prisoner ever since
you came in.

Dickie sets his coffee cup down, turning it in.

DICKIE

You can't trust no one, Brubaker.
Not even me. Don' you ever find
you self thinkin' I wouldn't
blow you brains out it stood
between me gettin' out a here.

BRUBAKER

Bullshit. You don't wanna run,
Coombes. You wanna be free.

INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE - DAY

63

Brubaker and Nevins are inspecting the facility, talking to
Huey Rauch who seems to be in charge of a few other TRUSTIES
sawing some prime cuts off a side of beef.

HUEY

We got thirty-four head a cattle.
That's it. So how my suppose to
feed twelve hundred men? I let
them have a taste, they go crazy
when we run out.

Cont.

BRUBAKER

So your solution's to give the beef away to people on the outside. Bring a couple of head in here. Dress them. Let me deal with what happens when we run out.

HUEY

Won't be long.

BRUBAKER

One steer can feed seven hundred men for a week. We've got enough on the hoof to feed these men for six months.

MR. NEVINS

Seven hundred men? Is that a fact? From one lil' cow?

EXT. FAYERWEATHER GATE - DAY

64

A BIG CADILLAC COUPE DE VILLE motors in through the main gate with a hello nod from the TRUSTY GUARD. It pulls up near the administration building, and C.P. Woodward, lumber-yard owner, gets out with a pink cake box.

ANGLE ON BRUBAKER AND NEVINS WALKING

65

BRUBAKER

I was going through your invoices, Burl. We took delivery of three hundred cases of chili con carne last week. Where is it now, I wonder?

MR. NEVINS

Boys musta gobbled it up.

BRUBAKER

Not the Rankmen. And there's only fifty Trusties. That comes out to...

(produces a
scribbled note)

...seven thousand two hundred cans...divide that by fifty Trusties...comes to one hundred forty-four cans. Correct me if I'm wrong. I'm terrible at math.

MR. NEVINS

Okay, sure.

BRUBAKER

Divided by seven days...comes to
twenty point five cans of chili
con carne per Trusty per day.
Do you have any idea how many
farts that is, Mr. Nevins?

MR. NEVINS

No, sir.

C.P.'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Goddamn, look at you! New
blood!

Brubaker and Nevins turn, see C.P. closing in...

C.P.

At's what this place needin',
fresh air. You're Brubaker, my
right?

BRUBAKER

That's right.

C.P. grabs Brubaker's hand, shakes it ferociously.

C.P.

See ya later, Burl.

C.P. starts walking, egging Brubaker on. Nevins doesn't
budge, knows his place, gets left conspicuously behind.

C.P.

Did I say my name?

BRUBAKER

Nope.

C.P.

C.P. Woodward. Call me by Woody.

BRUBAKER

Excuse me...I'm up to my chin
right now.

Brubaker's picked up the pace, heading toward the
administration building. C.P. hustles to keep up.

C.P.

Go ahead, go ahead...I know exactly
what you mean, runnin' a big
business like this, 'n hell, 22,000
acres -- biggest damn farm in the
state. We all busy, thank the Lord.
But I said, 'Woody, you get over
there 'n shake that man's hand 'n
say howdy.' Here.

Cont.

C.P. awards Brubaker the big cake box as they enter the administration building...Purcell on his way out. Brubaker turns him right around, drags him back inside.

C.P.
Chocolate prune cake in there.
My missus baked it up for you.

INT. ADMINISTRATION CORRIDOR - DAY

66

Brubaker's carrying the cake box, Purcell and C.P. in tow.
A GROUP of RANKMEN FILE CLERKS works away.

BRUBAKER
We gotta do something about the
dress code, Mr. Purcell.

They're passing the barber shop. A Trusty is sitting in one of the chairs now, getting a trim from the same guy who scalped Brubaker last week.

BRUBAKER
I want this posted: no more shaved
heads. And the only regulation
clothes from now on are prison-
issue pants and shirts and boots.

ROY PURCELL
Boots? We ain't got no boots.

BRUBAKER
Order them.

ROY PURCELL
That's Nevins' area.

BRUBAKER
You order them, Roy. I need them.
Fifteen hundred pair.

ROY PURCELL
Yeah, but sizes though...how my
ever gonna figure out how many
nines, say?

C.P.
(maneuvering)
Inventory time be a bitch. Pain
in the ass. And ain't nobody been
comin' over from Fayerweather to
give me a hand. Plus I ain't
gettin' my prison lumber like
before.

Cont.

BRUBAKER

New policy: no more slave labor
loaned out to local private
business. Count your own
woodpile, Woody.

They're closing in on Brubaker's office.

C.P.

What'dya want, hard cash, is it?

Brubaker stops fast, whirls on C.P., bringing him up short.

BRUBAKER

What's in this box?

C.P.

(frightened)

Prune cake.

BRUBAKER

I hate prunes. They cloud my
mind.

Brubaker gives C.P. back his box, heads toward the office,
Purcell there first, opening the door politely, uncomfortable
with all this.

C.P.

Lot a people gonna be disappointed
in you, Brubaker.

Brubaker walks inside. Purcell starts to follow.

C.P.

Wait up, Purcell, whoa, boy.

Purcell stops, intimidated.

C.P.

You on his team?

Purcell's caught in the middle.

EXT. FAYERWEATHER YARD - END OF DAY

67

HIGH ANGLE DOWN, viewed over the shoulder of a Trusty Tower
Guard with his high-powered rifle. The long line of Rankmen
is returning from the fields, filthy, cold.

INT. PICKUP - END OF DAY

68

Brubaker's flat on his back under the dash, trying to install
a new CB radio with Dickie Coombes' help. Off aways in the
background, some Rankmen are visible, naked.

DICKIE

I gotta tell you how to do it,
then I gotta show you how to do
it, then I gotta do it.

BRUBAKER

I can do it. You just bought the
cheapest Goddamn CB you could find.

DICKIE

I didn't buy nothin'.

Trucks roll in carrying hoes and shovels. FOUR HUNDRED GUYS
are stripping down, being shaken down by the Trusty Guards.
Brubaker turns, suddenly sees it all.

BRUBAKER

What the hell's going on? It's
freezing out...

DICKIE

Make sure they don' got no rocks
or sharp sticks stuck up their
asses.

ANGLE ON YARD

69

Selma is naked, a ton of flab, eyeing all the other guys,
most of whom have great patches of menacing tattoos all over
their bodies.

A scuffle breaks out on the fringes of the crowd...
Glenn Elwood getting goosed and manhandled by some older
Rankmen, getting slapped on his bare ass, slipping...

HILL WHITLEY (White)

Come on, little man, let me
stand you on up.

BOYD (Black)

Lil' Glenn's ascared.

GLENN

You get the fuck off from me!

Not too far away, Larry Lee Bullen sits on a chair, peeling
a carrot, taking this all in through his shades, watching
BOYD make another grab at Glenn. But Glenn kicks him in the
balls, drops him like a shot. Whitley and another Rankman
grab Glenn from behind.

BOYD

Tear his little pecker off!

Cont.

Glenn bites Whitley, gets a lip-splitting crack in the mouth in return! Caldwell and his Trustees don't get involved... it's just good fun.

Brubaker and Dickie start toward the trouble...and so does Larry Lee, closer than Brubaker, coming over with a carrot and his peeler to find Glenn lying in a heap on the ground, bleeding, taking a tooth out of his mouth. Larry Lee turns to Boyd:

LARRY LEE

You read the Bible, Jerome?

BOYD

Fuck you, Bullen.

LARRY LEE

Part where Jesus makes the comment 'bout turning the other cheek, that business?

(to Whitley)

Hold my carrot, okay?

Brubaker and Dickie arrive as Larry Lee gives his carrot to Whitley, turns...

LARRY LEE

Well, I ain't Jesus.

...and stomps down hard on Boyd's bare toes. Boyd screams, falls backward onto his ass, holding his foot. Mister Clarence makes a move to help Boyd...but Dickie stops him. Larry Lee squats, sticks the peeler up Boyd's nose.

LARRY LEE

People like us, we get enough fuckin' shit around here without doin' it to ourselves. You want to get laid, homo? Here, whyn't you try fuck me?

(to all of them)

Whyn't you all go fuck each other?!

Larry Lee removes the peeler from Boyd's nostril, wipes it on his trouser leg, grabs his carrot back from Whitley.

BRUBAKER

(to Caldwell)

From now on, when you shake 'em down, do it inside, someplace where they won't get pneumonia.

(to Larry Lee)

Mr. Bullen.

Larry Lee stops. Dickie's checking Glenn's injury.

BRUBAKER

I'd like to see you in my office.

LARRY LEE

I'm goin' have my dinner.

BRUBAKER

Then when you're finished. I'll be at my house.

Larry Lee looks at the Trusties, shakes his head, walks away.

INT. WARDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

70

Brubaker's working late, eating a sandwich, talking on the phone. The house is still like Renfro kept it, a dump.

BRUBAKER

Food is the major problem to attack. There's no clear procedure, C.O.D. deliveries, different suppliers every couple of months. There's nothing to eat. No records. I mean Nevins is it. And I trust half the inmates more than him.

Brubaker spots something across the room...a big, fat RAT, fearless, eating crap off the floor. He reaches for his pistol.

BRUBAKER

That's the point, George. Tell that to the Governor. Or if you want I'll call him myself and...
(pause)

Okay, okay. But call me back.

Brubaker hangs up. The rat hasn't moved.

EXT. WARDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

71

Larry Lee approaches, sees Brubaker on all fours, inching across the room. In the b.g., a TRUSTEE ESCORT waits.

INT. WARDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

72

Brubaker takes aim. His doorbell rings.

BRUBAKER

Just a second.

A loud knocking.

Brubaker

I said just a second!

The door opens. Larry Lee enters, wearing his shades, looking down at Brubaker across the small living room.

LARRY LEE

You say come in?

Brubaker stands up, somewhat embarrassed, still armed.

BRUBAKER

Rats. What can I do for you?

LARRY LEE

Thought it was the other way around. I don't like bein' here. Looks like I'm suckin' up to the man.

Larry Lee sits in a chair. Brubaker sits behind his desk.

BRUBAKER

Tell me about that phone call you got when I was in the barracks.

LARRY LEE

Wrong number.

Larry Lee's not talking. He lights a cigarette. There's a folder on the blotter. Brubaker opens it up.

BRUBAKER

I been looking over your records. A lot of questions come to mind. You're a lifer.

LARRY LEE

'Habitual criminal.' The Big Bitch. You don' wanna get on my bad side. Word is at I'm dangerous. How 'bout you set that weapon aside?

Brubaker puts the pistol on the desk top.

BRUBAKER

Says here they put you away for breaking a toilet. Says you quit school in the third grade.

LARRY LEE

I never quit nothin' in my life. They throwed me out on my sweet, lil' ass.

Cont.

BRUBAKER

Born in Louisiana, twin brother
run over by a train at fifteen.
You were both trying to escape the
Gatesville Reformatory in Texas.

LARRY LEE

They shot Hollis, put 'im on the
tracks so'd the train squash 'im
up 'n make it look like a accident.
Kinda soured me, ya know? I got
away, got arrested for stealin' a
'55 Pontiac sedan. Got two years
'n I done 'em. Then I got arrested
for vagrancy, but 'at was dismissed
so then I got nailed for stealin'
a '59 Pontiac convertible, white
with red leather, channelled,
rocker panels, lakers, big huge
chrome skirts, continental kit.

BRUBAKER

How'd it compare?

LARRY LEE

They fucked up the engine in '59
my opinion. I got three years for
'at one.

BRUBAKER

One more felony and you're
'habitual.'

LARRY LEE

Then come the toilet. I got
arrested again for vagrancy --
misdemeanor. Next mornin' the
toilet's broke clean off the
damn wall. Six guys in the cell,
but they charge just me with
destruction of city property
over fifty dollars --

BRUBAKER

Felony number three. Habitual.

LARRY LEE

Judge give me life for the
toilet. Or give me the toilet
for life. Same difference, 'n
here I am, shoveling shit for
dead men.

BRUBAKER

Instead how'd you like to be a
Trusty? Run my motor pool.

Silence. Larry Lee stares at him.

LARRY LEE

Brubaker, I been studyin' you since you rolled in, an' it come clear to me you're a weird fuckin' individual, you follow? I ain't figured you out yet, if you're a good thing or a bad one. At least you're different.

BRUBAKER

That mean you'll run my motor pool?

LARRY LEE

Be the new warden's boy?

BRUBAKER

You're smarter than that.

Pause. Larry Lee stands up, adjourning the meeting.

LARRY LEE

Whole world's fucked up,
Mr. Brubaker. It ain't no use.

Larry Lee turns, walks back out the door, leaving Brubaker alone in the house.

EXT. FIELDS - MORNING (TIME CHANGE)

73

The leaves have started to come out on the trees, and the men are wearing lighter, better clothing, decent boots, climbing off farm wagons to begin the days work.

INT. JEEP - DAY

74

Brubaker's driving, his hair grown back to normal. Dickie's up front, Purcell in back juggling folders crammed with invoices, trying to locate something, making a mess. A LONG LINE OF RANKMEN works out in the fields planting corn.

Brubaker pulls onto the shoulder near an early squash crop.

BRUBAKER

Why're these vines all shriveled up, Purcell?

ROY PURCELL

Hey, I don't know. I'm a city boy.

DICKIE

Buggoms'll tell ya.

ROY PURCELL

Buggoms got his head up his ass.

DICKIE

Buggoms knows what makes dirt tick.

BRUBAKER

Who is Buggoms?

ROY PURCELL

A mental loonie. He set fire to
ten barns for the insurance.

BRUBAKER

Ten barns? On his own farm?

DICKIE

Buggom's had hisself a big operation
goin' before he decided retire.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

75

RANKMEN STAKING YOUNG PLANTS, THINNING, HOEING. The Jeep
arrives, Brubaker exchanging words with a TRUSTY RIDER who
turns, shouts at the line...

TRUSTY RIDER

Buggoms! Get you tail here!

A FIFTY-YEAR-OLD WHITE GUY breaks rank, limps over: BUGGOMS.

INT. JEEP (MOVING) - DAY

76

Purcell's in back with Dickie, sulking about this latest turn
of events. Buggoms is up front with Brubaker, studying a
length of vine.

BUGGOMS

Thrips.

BRUBAKER

Thrips?

BUGGOMS

Bugs.

BRUBAKER

So what do we do?

Buggoms looks back at Dickie. Dickie nods permission.

BUGGOMS

Insects is least a your worries.
You got seven hundred acres a
turnip greens, only six hundred a
cabbage but two thousand a corn.
Smart money ain't in corn no more.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

77

Way the hell out at the perimeter of the farm, Brubaker,
Buggoms, Dickie, and Purcell (lugging his paper work.)

Cont.

BUGGOMS

Spinach is the crop a tomorrow.
It ain't come into its own yet
but people startin' to like it,
in salads with some egg, ya know,
'n crumbled-up bacon. It's gonna
go up through the roof this summer.

ROY PURCELL

Popeye food.

An invoice blows out of Purcell's hand, sets him chasing it
like an idiot.

BRUBAKER

Buggoms, can you manage this
thing?

BUGGOMS

What thing?

BRUBAKER

This farm.

Buggoms looks at Dickie, amazed. Brubaker wanders off a few
paces, fascinated by some TIRE TRACKS at the edge of the
field...leading around a small hillock.

BRUBAKER

What the hell are these?

Purcell's just catching up.

EXT. HILL - DAY

78

Brubaker's jeep crests the ridge, discovers an old dirt
tractor road, tire marks worn into the pasture, cutting up a
rise toward a grove of trees then down again around a bend...

EXT. SHACKS - DAY

79

The decaying remains of a small settlement. The jeep motors
past a few ONE-ROOM COTTAGES with ATTACHED DELAPIDATED
GARAGES. Some old cars are littered around, one up on
blocks. Chickens peck at the dirt, but there's no sign of
human life.

BRUBAKER

(getting out)

This is prison property? Who owns
this land, Purcell?

Purcell doesn't answer. They all get out. Brubaker is armed
with a survey map book, baffled by it. Silence. He steps
forward, like a desperado come into a ghost town, drawn to one
of the shacks, to the MUFFLED SOUND of a TV.

ROY PURCELL

(suddenly; in a
loud voice)

I don't know who's in there 'n
I don' know what you're doin',
but we are out here with the
warden 'n we're probably comin'
in.

Silence. Brubaker looks at Purcell.

ROY PURCELL

Are we?

Brubaker KNOCKS on the door. The sound of the TV CUTS OUT.
Nothing else happens. Brubaker KNOCKS again.

GIRL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Fuck you, Huey, I ain't hidin'
in the dark like no human insect!

FOOTSTEPS...the door is yanked open...Pig Newton's sister
Carol, wearing only an unbuttoned trusty shirt.

CAROL

Yeah, what?

ROY PURCELL

Good morning, ma'am.

CAROL

Shit.

(to the inside)

You get your ass over here 'n
deal with this.

(to Brubaker)

He's walkin' on eggs he says.
Up his, I say. I got a tight
schedule.

She goes back in, leaves the door open. Brubaker looks at
Purcell, goes inside, Dickie follows.

INT. SHACK - DAY

80

The TV is still on, just the volume's off. Huey Rauch sits
in shadow on a bed. Carol sticks her hand out.

CAROL

I'm goin'. Cough up.

Huey ignores her, watches Brubaker get a fix on these new
surroundings. For a shack the place is plush -- TV, 'fridge,
electric rotisserie. Dickie opens the ice box...it's
overstocked with goodies. He takes out a package of Twinkies.

BRUBAKER

I don't imagine you'd have a key
for this thing?

Huey won't even answer. The other two Trusty squatters are watching. Dickie and Buggoms and Purcell are watching. The truck is watching. Brubaker pulls out his pistol, BLASTS THE LOCK OFF.

Up the road, on that note, Carol whirls around. The Bestways truck starts backing up, clearing out fast.

Brubaker pulls open the old wooden double garage doors...BRAND NEW CARTONS OF CHILI CON CARNE CANS stacked floor-to-ceiling.

ROY PURCELL

That's be Renfro's monthly supply,
I imagine. Man took baths in the
stuff.

Brubaker pulls a packing slip off one of the cases.

BRUBAKER

You and Mr. Nevins signed the
delivery invoice.

ROY PURCELL

I signed what Cap'n. Renfro told me.

EXT. SHACKS - DUSK

84

A bucket brigade. RANKMEN ferry stolen can goods out of the Trusty garages and into the back of a big Fayerweather truck. And do they love it. A FEW TRUSTIES stand in a mean little group watching Brubaker snap the lock off the last garage door with a bolt cutter: CASES OF HAWAIIAN PUNCH.

EXT. SHACKS - NIGHT

85

FIRE! Most of the old complex is already burning, RANKMEN splashing kerosene, putting it to the torch, Larry Lee Bullen among them, firelight dancing off his sunglasses.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

86

Brubaker sits all alone, observing the operation. It seems to give him no pleasure. A sudden KNOCKING on the window right near his head! He snaps around comes face to face with Dickie Coombes, rolls down his window.

DICKIE

Woulda been a whole lot smarter
do this durin' daylight hours.
Not so many people see the flames.
Not so many people pissed off.

BRUBAKER

Exactly why I am doing it now.

LARRY LEE

Ever think a that, Coombes?

He's standing behind Dickie, eavesdropping.

DICKIE

Everything this man does crosses my mind.

Three very different men with a lot in common.

INT. TRUSTY DORM - NIGHT

87

Huey Rauch is moving in, carrying his own suitcase, Caldwell carrying a few boxes Huey's managed to salvage.

FENWAY PARK

Ooo hoo, Huey!

HUEY

What's so fuckin' funny, hyena?

FENWAY PARK

Can't wait you bring some pussy in here. We all get dibs.

CALDWELL

Poor Nevins out on his ass. Dumb jerk got a wife to feed. Next thing Brubaker be tryin' to turn this into a Goddamn jailhouse..

Huey steps into a room, startles Floyd Birdwell who obviously lives here.

HUEY

(preoccupied)

That 'cause he don't know who's runnin' this place. Deach be settin' him straight.

(to Birdwell)

Get out. This mine now.

EXT. JUNCTION TOWN - DAY

88

For a small town the streets seem absurdly crowded, CARS and VANS and PICKUPS everywhere, PEOPLE everywhere, MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, BLACK AND WHITE, swarming over the place, drifting toward a bottleneck down by the junction, some kind of CHECKPOINT where...

Cont.

SEVERAL TRUSTIES are searching civilians who wait for clearance to board a ramshackle PRISON BUS, a banner hung on its side: "Welcome, Loved Ones." There's a TRUSTY at the wheel, smoking a cigarette and listening to a portable RADIO.

LARRY LEE BULLEN...AND HE'S WEARING A TRUSTY UNIFORM, right in the thick of things, frisking visitors and smiling and flexing his new-found authority.

LARRY LEE

C'mon now, folks, just move it along. Bus only takes thirty-one at a time.

A PRETTY GIRL lifts her arms over her head, inviting Larry Lee to frisk her. He can't believe it.

LARRY LEE

Morning'.

GIRL

Mornin'.

LARRY LEE

(frisking)

Gotta make sure you ain't carryin' no automatic weapons or atom bombs try 'n help someone escape.

GIRL

My brother don' believe in violence.

LARRY LEE

(still frisking)

Your brother. You ain't goin' in see your husband?

(still frisking)

How 'bout after you an' your brother talk 'bout your grandpa and your grandma and all the news from home, then we go on a pitnik lunch just, you know, alone?

GIRL

No.

She moves on, leaving Larry Lee with his hand fluttering in midair..

LOUD VOICE

(o.s.)

Heya, Bullen! Your visitor lookin' for ya!

Cont.

It's Pig Newton hollering from the porch of his cafe-bar. George Bashford is standing there with Pig. Larry Lee leaves the search line fast, hustles on over toward George.

INT. CAR - DAY

Larry Lee drives with one finger looped casually over the bottom of the wheel, singing so low to himself you almost can't hear it. George is tuning the RADIO -- A LOCAL PREACHER hawking pots and pans.

GEORGE

So how's Brubaker doing?

LARRY LEE

You know him good?

GEORGE

Pretty good. A lot of years.

LARRY LEE

Yeah, you go back a long way, huh?
What was he then?

GEORGE

In the Navy. He mopped up a brig
on my base.

LARRY LEE

No shit? He's a sailor. I thought
so. He walks funny.

GEORGE

(amused)

He was a captain actually.

LARRY LEE

Yeah, I been in prison in five
states 'n this one takes the
chocolate chip cookie for the
bottom of the barrel. Hands
fuckin' down. Brubaker's the
moppin' up type all right.

(fishing)

That's probably why he never got
married.

GEORGE

His wife died a year ago.

Larry Lee looks at George, but George is staring straight ahead. Larry Lee ponders this sudden news, reflects. Silence...and then he starts singing again, low...

Cont.

LARRY LEE

In a naked hotel room, naked
woman by my side...crucifix on
the wall above the bed tellin'
me why Jesus died...

In the distance George can just begin to make out the outlines
of Fayerweather's guard towers.

EXT. FAYERWEATHER YARD - DAY

90

A violent, lunatic game of polo, played with a soccer ball,
brooms for mallets, RANKMEN VS. TRUSTIES, Brubaker right in
the thick of it, wearing his old rankmen colors again!

George sits on the fender of Brubaker's jeep, watching all the
SPECTATORS CHEERING as the two sides go at each other more
than the soccer ball. Eddie Caldwell and a few other Trusties
form a loose security perimeter around the field, sitting on
horseback, cradling shotguns, thoroughly enjoying the game.

CALDWELL

(of Brubaker)

Murder the son of a bitch!

Huey Rauch on horseback, riding like a linebacker! He creams
Brubaker! Leonard Ng smacks Huey with a broom, almost knocks
him out of the saddle. Brubaker drives his horse back for
more punishment, hooting, hollering, swinging his broom like
one mad motherfucker, assisting Boyd, Boyd showing some style,
going in for the score!

INT. GUARD TOWER - DAY

91

Dickie and Larry Lee are sitting up here, Dickie watching the
action, Larry Lee PLUNKING ON HIS GUITAR.

EXT. FAYERWEATHER YARD - DAY

92

The game over, the crowd floods on the field, kids running
everywhere, one little guy flying into Boyd's arms, Boyd's
wife there too, hugging him, kissing him...and Boyd's the
character who wanted to rape Glenn Elwood.

Brubaker makes his way through the congestion to George. He
looks like hell, like he's been assaulted, which in a lot of
ways he has. But he's grinning ear to ear.

GEORGE

Where'd you learn to play polo?

BRUBAKER

Does it look like I learned?

George laughs. They're heading up toward Brubaker's quarters.

INT. WARDEN'S HOUSE - DAY

The SHOWER'S RUNNING in the other room. George is walking around the place, getting a fix on Brubaker's cluttered, disorganized lifestyle. THE SHOWER TURNS OFF. George goes into the kitchen tries to draw himself a glass of water. He can't find a clean glass. Brubaker appears, buttoning up a clean shirt, his hair wet.

GEORGE

There's disease growing in here,
Henry. Hostile to your health.
You oughta get yourself paper
plates or something, cups.

Brubaker rummages in his refrigerator. It's scattered with junk food. He selects something.

BRUBAKER

Want some deep-fried pork rinds?

George walks out into the dining room to settle his stomach. Brubaker's table is buried in paper work.

GEORGE

This is the place you should've
burned down. What the hell is
all this crap?

BRUBAKER

Your prison.

GEORGE

I like to think of it as 'our'
prison.

BRUBAKER

Well, it isn't a prison. It's
a Goddamn circus. I've got
rankmen growing cotton and
harvesting it so the farm can
sell it below market value to
some local mill and the proceeds
go to buy chili that the trusties
sell to a supermarket chain for
cash, below value...

GEORGE

I know. We've been getting a
lot of concerned phone calls
lately. Shock waves in the
community. You're doing good.

Cont.

BRUBAKER

And after I do break this damn trusty power structure then I am going to have on my hands a black-white problem here like nobody knows because I'm trying to do fifty jobs at once, and pick up everybody's slack and I'm beating my head against the wall!

GEORGE

Hey, part of that's your own damn fault, firing people before I get a chance to...

BRUBAKER

One guy. Half a guy. You ever have a conversation with Burl Nevins?

GEORGE

Not really.

BRUBAKER

Same here. And I used to talk to the man every hour.

Brubaker is looking out the window, watching a trusty pickup, arrive, Abraham Cooke -- riding in the bed, cradling two cellophane-covered trays of food from the mess.

GEORGE

I can't understand why you ever let me talk you into letting me hire you for a job like this at the shitty salary we're paying you if you're not even smart enough to duck some of this and delegate some Goddamn authority. around here.

BRUBAKER

Well, I'm going to. We're gonna have an election, pick an inmate council, trusties and rankmen, let everyone choose who they want running their lives. Just like in the real world.

Cont.

The front door opens up, and Abraham Cooke backs in, carrying those two trays. George's stomach turns at the appearance of the food.

GEORGE

The real world? Christ you don't want to emulate that. Look, you can't go getting yourself bogged down in paper work like this, Henry. It's absurd.

BRUBAKER

(lifts some invoices)
This isn't paper! This is food!

ABRAHAM COOKE

I gots the food here...

BRUBAKER

Thank you, Abraham.
(more invoices)
Medicine!
(more invoices)
People!
(manila records)
You know how many prisoners there are on this farm?
(to Abraham)
We'll eat that on the porch, please.
(to George)
Eleven hundred and eighty-one. I counted. You know how many of their personal records I can find?

Abraham shuffles on through the room, nearly dropping the trays. Brubaker holds the porch door open for him.

GEORGE

No, I don't know...what, half...?

BRUBAKER

Twelve hundred and six! People vanish, die, get paroled and nobody knows anything about it!

Cont.

George isn't anxious for an argument...and he's uncomfortable with Abraham Cooke puttering right in the next room.

GEORGE

Okay, okay, don't you think there's maybe a better time to discuss all this than with him right out there...

BRUBAKER

He can't hear a Goddamn thing.

GEORGE

He's right there, Henry...

BRUBAKER

He is practically senile!

GEORGE

How the hell do you know that? Now you're a doctor too?

BRUBAKER

(a shout)
Abraham!

GEORGE

Henry, for God's sake...

BRUBAKER

Abraham! Come on, George, ask him some questions about this place. He's the oldest prisoner on the farm. Get his opinion. Come on, here's his file... here, somewhere, here. I was reading it last night. What's wrong with it?

Brubaker shoves the documents into George's hands.
Abraham Cooke comes back into the living room, confused.

ABRAHAM COOKE

You call my name out?

GEORGE

Come on, Henry, cut this shit with me. I'm not sitting in your classroom.

Cont.

BRUBAKER

Ask him a question, George!
Get yourself a feel for this place.

Silence. George doesn't enjoy being manipulated. He likes manipulating. He looks at Abraham Cooke's file.

GEORGE

What're you in for, Mr. Cooke?

BRUBAKER

Manslaughter. Talk up. Ask him why he can't hear.

GEORGE

(loud)
What is wrong with your hearing, Mr. Cooke?

Abraham Cooke looks to Brubaker, gets a nod to talk.

ABRAHAM COOKE

Got hit.

GEORGE

What with?

ABRAHAM COOKE

Baseball bat 'n a trace chain
'n rope wif knots 'n a hoe
handle 'n a shovel 'n a tractor
belt...

(thinks)
... 'n a rubber hose wif lead.

Silence. It's an ugly, tragic moment, carefully created by Brubaker...which George is just now realizing fully.

GEORGE

You been here a long time, Mr. Cooke?

ABRAHAM COOKE

Yes, sir.

BRUBAKER

How much time?

Cont.

ABRAHAM COOKE
Thirty-five year.

BRUBAKER
How long you been in so far?

ABRAHAM COOKE
Hell, I don't know.

BRUBAKER
(a look to
George)
I do. Thirty-eight years, six
months.

ABRAHAM COOKE
Don't seem fair.

A long pause.

BRUBAKER
Does it to you, George?

GEORGE
What can I say? Huh? I'll
try to find him a place on
the outside.

They look at each other, Brubaker and Bashford. It does seem
impossible.

INT. GUARD TOWER - DAY

94

Larry Lee's writing a letter.

Dickie is looking down on the yard where prisoners mix with
their visitors.

DICKIE
(of all the
women)
Water, water, everywhere, 'n
not a drop to drink.

LARRY LEE
You can't swim anyway, Coombes.

Cont.

DICKIE
(of the letter)
What you got so far?

LARRY LEE
(reading)
'Dear Rebecca, as I lie here
in my lonely prison cell,
lookin' out through twenty-
eight cold steel bars...' I
designed that openin' get me
instant sympathy.

DICKIE
Rebecca never wanna come up
here 'n meet you, man, she
gets that garbage. She think
you be deranged.

LARRY LEE
Shut the fuck up or you derail
my train of thought...

Larry Lee looks out at all those happy people for inspiration
...obviously neither of these two guys, Dickie or Larry Lee,
has a visitor today, and it's kind of sad when you realize
it...

LARRY LEE
Make it thirty-three cold steel
bars...visions of your silken
hair cavort...

DICKIE
(astonished)
Cavort?

LARRY LEE
That be c-a-v-o-r-t...before
my lonely eyes. Unquote.
That's powerful. That could be
a song almost.

DICKIE
Her hair ain't silky, man.

LARRY LEE
How the fuck you know? Just
'cause she's you cousin don't...

Cont.

DICKIE

I know. You been whackin' it
so much, Bullen, you mind
startin' to collapse in on
itself.

INT. WARDEN'S HOUSE - DAY

95

Brubaker and George are eating lunch, Abraham nowhere in
sight now, things calmed down between them.

GEORGE

Practically everybody is one-
hundred percent against us.
Everybody stroking everybody
else, cutting up the pie.

BRUBAKER

How far does it reach?

Long pause.

GEORGE

Shit, it spreads. It's not just
Corrections. It's everything
I deal with. Department of
Public Works, Sanitation,
Highways, you name it, I run
into it.

(pause)

There's an annual meeting of
the prison board next week.
I want you there.

BRUBAKER

Where?

GEORGE

The capitol.

BRUBAKER

Wait a minute, George...our
deal was you handle the politics,
I'll run the prison.

GEORGE

Look, Henry, I see the way it
is here, okay? But I am
juggling a lot of balls...

BRUBAKER

And mine are on the block. You
think I like getting swatted
with brooms out there?

GEORGE

I was beginning to wonder.

BRUBAKER

I'm not being funny. About all I can do half the time here is be a punching bag, get them hitting on me and each other with brooms instead of tire irons and straps. The Governor ran on a reform ticket, George. He promised the people...

GEORGE

He promised me.

BRUBAKER

And you promised me.

GEORGE

Okay, you want support. So do I. I'll get him to come sit in on the board meeting.

(pause)

Tell me something. How long since you've gotten laid?

BRUBAKER

What?

GEORGE

I said...

BRUBAKER

January third. Five months, three days.

GEORGE

I thought so. You're starting to sound like a convict.

Silence. THE TELEPHONE RINGS. Brubaker gets up, answers it.

BRUBAKER

Yeah? When? I'm coming.

GEORGE

What?

BRUBAKER

Stay here.

Brubaker grabs his holstered gun, grabs a rifle, hurries out. George disobeys, follows.

67

EXT. FAYERWEATHER FIELDS - DAY

96

A LONG SHOT. Peaceful, empty farmland...a tiny figure running across the furrows, running full-out, stumbling, being chased at some distance by MEN ON HORSEBACK. A PICKUP TRUCK moves on parallel roads, looking to head the runner off.

CLOSE ON THE RUNNER - GLENN ELWOOD

97

bloodied, frightened, directionless, like a jackrabbit the way he moves. He hasn't got a prayer, hitting a ridge, pitching headlong down toward the burned-out remains of those squatter's shacks, the riders coming toward him.

INT. PICKUP #1 - DAY

98

Dickie's driving, Fenway Park riding shotgun. Glenn's down in the pasture, the horsemen coming by fast, swinging at him with sticks and rifle butts, almost trampling him, the kid scrambling, backpedaling...

Eddie Caldwell, one of the riders, makes a move, catches Glenn by the hair, starts to drag him across the field. But Glenn pulls desperately on Caldwell's arm, unsaddles him. Caldwell lands in soft dirt, draws his pistol.

GLENN

No...no...please...

Caldwell FIRES! First to one side of the kid, then the other, Glenn turning and running for his life...but there's nowhere to go except right into the other horsemen...

INT. PICKUP #2 - DAY

99

OVER Brubaker and George, THROUGH the windshield, as they bear in. Sloughing across the pasture, Brubaker rams the pickup between two horses, cuts Glenn off from another rider, Glenn holding his arm now, out of steam, finally just stopping.

But Brubaker doesn't. He comes right at the riders, scatters them in all directions, George bouncing wildly, hanging on.

Caldwell sneaks up behind Glenn, jams his pistol into the back of his head.

INT. PICKUP #1 - DAY

100

Dickie and Fenway can see Brubaker jump out of his pickup near Glenn and Caldwell...

FENWAY PARK

Oh, shit...

Dickie floors it.

EXT. PASTURE - DAY

101

Brubaker is in a rage, coming right at Caldwell...

CALDWELL

Hey, he...

BRUBAKER

What the hell do you think
you're doing, mister?!

CALDWELL

Capturin' the little son of
a bitch!

Dickie's out of his pickup, Fenway too. The riders are
keeping their distance, watching.

BRUBAKER

Coombes, I want this man ranked!
I want his ass in a sling!

CALDWELL

What? Oh, no, you don't do that...

BRUBAKER

Shut up!

DICKIE

Talk to you a second, Cap'n?

Dickie walks to the side, taking control of the situation
right out of Brubaker's hands. George tries to examine
Glenn's arm, but he backs away.

DICKIE

What's goin' down here is a
bunch a guys went after the
kid, said they was gonna cut
it off.

BRUBAKER

What?

DICKIE

So he run. They wanted him to
run. They wanted an escape
today, with all them people
around eatin' cake, Bashford
here and all.

BRUBAKER

Which guys? Trusties?

Cont.

DICKIE

Point is don' fuck youself
now. Put Caldwell in them rank
barracks, you have a body on
your hands before mornin'.

Silence. Brubaker turns, from Dickie to the other trusties.

GEORGE

This kid's arm needs looking after.

GLENN

I ain't goin' that hospital again!

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

102

It's ill-equipped, built around 1910 as a death house.
Exposed water pipes are everywhere, and "Old Satan," the
electric chair, still sits in a corner of the ward where
Glenn Elwood is resting on one of nine beds, in pain, holding
an icepack to his arm. Brubaker and George are trying to
talk to him as Zaranska, the rank orderly in here now, is
improvising a splint.

BRUBAKER

You're not ratting on anybody,
Glenn. You're protecting yourself,
and helping other people too. I
need names.

Silence. A DOCTOR comes in, comes over.

DOCTOR

Him again?

GLENN

You keep your hands off me,
Fenster!

Glenn swings his good hand up at the Doctor's throat.
Brubaker grabs it, twists it around behind the kid's back,
making him scream. George moves out of the way fast.

BRUBAKER

Get him some pain-killers!

GLENN

I can't afford no more pills!

BRUBAKER

(easing off)

Come again?

GLENN

I said I can't afford to pay for
no more of his goddamn pills!

Cont.

DOCTOR

Shut your face, Elwood.

Brubaker looks at the Doctor.

BRUBAKER

You're charging him for medical attention, aren't you?

GLENN

Yeah. So he can shoot novocaine.

Silence. Brubaker leans on a table with both hands, his head low, the burden of all this madness pushing down on him. He turns slowly back to the room, everyone expecting an explosion. But Brubaker is unnervingly calm.

BRUBAKER

This is your hospital now, Zaranska.

ZARANSKA

My what?

GEORGE

Henry, take it easy.

BRUBAKER

You see this doctor here? We got him part-time because no civilized facility will take him.

DOCTOR

Wait a minute here...

BRUBAKER

Because the man is a junkie. He sells pills and he eats pills and he likes the smell of fresh blood! So the state gives him this job as a reward!

Silence.

ZARANSKA

Yeah, but shit, I ain't no doctor...

BRUBAKER

Don't give me a hard time about it, Zaranska, please, not today, okay? It's a promotion. It's a skill you can use on the outside.

Silence.

ZARANSKA

You mean I'm a trusty?

BRUBAKER

George, do something for me?

GEORGE

What?

BRUBAKER

Can you get me a real doctor?
I mean I know it's asking a
lot, but can you swing that?

They stare at each other.

GEORGE

You'll have a doctor next week.
My word on that.

BRUBAKER

Everything is always next week.

Everyone is watching them.

GEORGE

If he doesn't show...then I
won't expect you at that board
meeting.

Silence. Brubaker half-smiles.

BRUBAKER

You son of a bitch.

INT. MESS HALL - EVENING

103

Frank Zaranska is looking right out at us, exhorting us
while the rest of the rankmen eat decent food, pay him little
mind.

ZARANSKA

And Jesus had came over to my
bunk and he kind of like he
hovered there and he said, Many
is called but damn few is chosen!
Frank Zaranska, take these men
underneath your wing! See to it
they get subscriptions to any
magazines they want in them barracks!
No matter how obscene! And when
they jerk it...they jerk it for Jesus!

SCATTERED APPLAUSE. A platform's been rigged out of tables
and chairs, a line of candidates waiting for a shot at
addressing the hungry electorate.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

104

The machinery is antiquated and the work crew drips with
sweat. A black rankman (WILLIAMS) shouts out a campaign
speech over the din.

Cont.

WILLIAMS

You all know me, or my face --
 Stuart L. Williams. I got a
 sociopathic personality. I don't
 got no feelings for my fellow man
 'cause a how my parents fucked me up.
 But if you big enough elect me, I am
 big enough change. I deem it a
 honor put my hatred for all you
 assholes aside and try help you
 'cause most of you too stupid help
 youselves...

INT. RANK LAVATORY - NIGHT

105

The toilets are all in a row, no stalls separating them, TEN
 GUYS sitting there going about their business, a captive
 audience for a fanatical DOUGLAS MIZELL pacing back and
 forth...

DOUGLAS MIZELL

The most dangerous kind of person in
 here is the person with no hope. I,
 Douglas Mizell, am offering hope!
 Put me onto that inmate council and
 in no time you be hoping I drop dead!
 Because I am telling you, right up
 front, I am corrupt! But I am honest
 about it! Vote for D. Mizell! Know
 exactly what you're getting!

(pointing)

And Lathrop...there ain't gonna be
 no more jimmydongs in the sink.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

106

Dickie Coombes, Jerome Boyd, and a few other blacks are
 working out with weights. Huey Rauch approaches,
 uncharacteristically, friendly.

HUEY

Shit, man, I hate politics, you know?

DICKIE

Dirty business.

HUEY

Then what's this I hear you campaigning
 for inmate council? Man a the people...

DICKIE

I don' campaign for nothin'.

HUEY

Still, smart thinkin' is you
 nevertheless possibly gonna be
 the only black person abstains
 to such a high office.

BOYD

(jiving)

What he say? This man don' talk
the English language.

HUEY

The point I'm drivin' at, Boyd,
is I'm sayin' this to all you guys
even though I'm talking to Dickie.

DICKIE

I'm listenin'.

HUEY

We got some people on the outside's
ready to look kindly at the man that
gives out Brubaker's secrets.
Regardless of color lines.

DICKIE

See, Jerome, what Huey thinks is
I just naturally hate white men.

BOYD

Right on, brother.

DICKIE

What he don' realize is I never
seen no white man 'til I was ten.
What give me beatin's n' shit was
a bunch a niggers. Just like
you, Boyd.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

107

The usual hundred things going on at once, ELECTION RETURNS
getting posted by Purcell, a few RANK FILE CLERKS anxious for
the results, Zaranska and Glenn crowding up.

ZARANSKA

Thy kingdome come!

GLENN

Who won? Who won?

ZARANSKA

Who the hell you think?

GLENN

Don' know. I never could read...

ZARANSKA

Birdwell, Buggoms, Bullen, Coombes,
Mizell, Moses, Pavitch and
Franklin D. Zaranska! It's
alphabetical is why I'm last.

Purcell could throw up.

ANGLE NEAR WARDEN'S OFFICE

108

Abraham Cooke has come timidly onto the scene.

ABRAHAM COOKE

Kin I see the Warden?

ROY PURCELL

These men got appointments 'n
proably ain't even gettin' in.

Abraham steps past Purcell, right into Brubaker's office.

ROY PURCELL

Hey, man, don' pull that crap...

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

109

Brubaker and Buggoms are deep in farm planning, corn of
all varieties and conditions piled on Brubaker's desk.

ABRAHAM COOKE

Mr. Brubaker?

ROY PURCELL

You get your ass out of here,
Abraham! Come on!

ABRAHAM COOKE

I is gonna kill myself. I can't
clean my conscious cause I don'
wanna leave cause I don' got no
place else go live.

Silence. Buggoms is standing there with an ear of corn.

BRUBAKER

Kill yourself? I don't understand.

Abraham is really uncomfortable, Purcell pissed off.

ABRAHAM COOKE

I wants tell some stuff in private
that I has did.

Brubaker looks at Buggoms and Purcell, both of them
intrigued. He nods for them to clear out. There's a pause,
and then Buggoms starts to leave, goes out past Purcell
who hasn't yet moved.

ROY PURCELL

Them other guys been waitin'.

BRUBAKER

Tell them a story, Roy, okay?

Cont.

Purcell acquiesces, starts out after Buggoms but none too fast, trying to catch any last words he can.

BRUBAKER

Something just happened to you?

ABRAHAM COOKE

No, sir. It had taken place a lotta times.

INT. TRUST DORMITORY - DAY

110

Floyd Birdwell comes walking through, finds several guys engrossed in the afternoon soaps, Huey in a chair, napping.

FLOYD

He asleep?

ZARANSKA

He ain't dead, Birdseed.

FLOYD

Purcell wants to talk to him.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

111

Abraham is seated, babbling, Brubaker trying to be polite to the old man, trying to keep up with his paper work, signing his name in triplicate on a dozen government forms.

ABRAHAM COOKE

I first come Fayerweather before
second world's was on July tenth, 1932,
killin' my baby brother wif a rock.
Them days made corn liquor outta this.
(an ear of Buggom's corn)
Grewed it Camp Five levee field where
I put Jake in pasture side by all
them other guys.

BRUBAKER

Jake? Your brother?

ABRAHAM COOKE

No, sir. Jake don' be my brother.
Issac be my brother. Yard man come
he ask his share that money sellin'
leather. Jake say no, yard man punch
'im through the chest wif skinnin'
knife.

BRUBAKER

When was that?

Brubaker's intercom SOUNDS. He hits a squawk-box button, and Purcell's voice WHEEZES OUT.

ROY PURCELL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Got that new doctor Mr. Bashford sent just arrived, standing out here to say hello.

BRUBAKER

Great. Tell him just a minute.

ROY PURCELL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

What about these other guys? I send 'em packin'?

ABRAHAM COOKE

Lotsa other guys. Man say 'Abraham, chop 'em up lil' tiny bits pieces....'

BRUBAKER

Just a second, okay, Abe?

(to Purcell)

No, I'll see them. We'll keep the office open a little longer today.

ROY PURCELL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Start that once, you gotta do it all the time. And I don't...

Brubaker lifts his finger off the button, cuts Purcell off.

ABRAHAM COOKE

I give Jake's clothes laundry, 'n Christmas Day we stuck 'im close at fence in Camp Five where used to be cornfield where all them boys dead now was at...must be a thousand by now.

BRUBAKER

All what boys? Look, I can't follow any of this, Abraham.

The door opens behind Abraham, and a nice-looking YOUNG MAN comes in, ushered in by Roy Purcell.

ROY PURCELL

Got the new doc...

BRUBAKER

(rising)

Dr. Campbell?

Cont.

DR. CAMPBELL

Right, yeah. Bruce, call me Bruce...

BRUBAKER

I'm Henry Brubaker. God, I'm happy to see you. How old are you anyway?

DR. CAMPBELL

Not very.

EXT. FAYERWEATHER YARD - LONG SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON 112

Another day. Brubaker is walking across the drive in his suit and tie, carrying an old briefcase to a car. Dickie Coombes is already inside, riding shotgun, Larry Lee standing near the fender, juggling his own briefcase, both men in civilian suits. Buggoms is leaning on the side, Zaranska taking deep breaths to fill his lungs.

BRUBAKER

(to Buggoms)

I figure the board meeting'll break by nine. We'll be back around midnight.

LARRY LEE

Hold the fort.

BUGGOMS

We'll do our best.

ZARANSKA

Bullen, where'd you unearth them ridiculous threads?

Larry Lee gets in the car with Brubaker and Dickie. Brubaker removes his pistol, hands it to Buggoms.

EXT. FAYERWEATHER YARD - DUSK

113

The American flag...lying against its pole. It starts to come down on a pulley. Abraham Cooke collects it in a heap, struggles to fold it in the traditional manner. Purcell appears beside him.

ROY PURCELL

Abe, hey, boy, look sharp.

Abraham doesn't hear him, so Purcell sets a hand on the old man's shoulder, startles him!

ROY PURCELL

(loud)

You got a phone call. From George Bashford.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DUSK

114

Purcell and Abraham come in. Eddie Caldwell is standing there. Otherwise the place is deserted.

CALDWELL

Mr. Bashford had to go into an important prison board meeting. He gonna call back. Meantime Doc wants to see Abe.

ABRAHAM COOKE

I ain't sick.

ROY PURCELL

Formality rigamarole. Final examination 'fore you ship out.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - EVENING

115

Abraham's got his jacket and shirt off, stripping his pants off. Purcell comes in carrying two dry cell batteries. Huey Rauch is right behind him, wearing gloves, carrying an old crank telephone, wires dangling from it, bare leads. Abraham doesn't even hear them enter. He's down to his undershorts.

INT. STATE CAPITOL - EVENING

116

Still a lot of activity RIGHT OUTSIDE THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, AIDES and SECRETARIES going in and out, TELEPHONES RINGING. The office door is partially open, George Bashford appearing, about to hurry out into the reception area.

GOVERNOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

What the hell time is it now?

GEORGE

Seven...thirty-six. I figure as soon as you can.

GOVERNOR

(glimpsed)

I need to be flying at eight-fifteen.

George comes out and WE GO WITH HIM, fast, THROUGH the corridors, DOWN a sweeping marble staircase, PAST giant furniture, and DOWN INTO a chamber room where...

INT. CAPITOL CHAMBER - EVENING

117

...the STATE PRISON BOARD and its guest speakers have already convened, gotten well into things. Brubaker, Bullen and Coombes are at one end of a big slick mahogany table, the prison board at the other -- John Deach, Chairman, THREE ELDERLY MEN we've never met, and an out-of-place youngish black named LEON EDWARDS.

George takes his seat next to Edwards with muttered apologies to the man testifying, RORY POKE, a former warden from a neighboring state.

There are two other people in the room, a STENOGRAPHER, and STATE SENATOR CHARLES HITE.

JOHN DEACH

You may continue, Mr. Poke.
Mr. Poke was giving us his opinion,
as a warden, of the importance of
firm discipline.

George and Brubaker exchange looks.

RORY POKE

Well, like I was saying, Mr. Brubaker is, I know, a so-called expert in criminology, but I think he's been outta the mainstream too long. Not that professors don't have something to contribute, mind you. There are thirteen states including my own that currently or in the recent past still rely on a strap to control men.

LEON EDWARDS

That doesn't make it right, per se.

RORY POKE

It does. Cuts down on your time cost due to men sitting in the hole, degenerating.

JOHN DEACH

Thank you, Mr. Poke.

RORY POKE

My pleasure.

JOHN DEACH

Mr. Brubaker? I imagine you have some comments?

Brubaker removes a huge loose-leaf binder of purchase orders and requisitions from his briefcase. Larry Lee does the same, shoving aside styrofoam coffee cups. This meeting has been going on for a while.

BRUBAKER

I'll try not to take too much of the board's time.

GEORGE

There's no rush.

Cont.

BRUBAKER

Thank you. Can we skip the theorizing and just talk about getting Fayerweather into profit?

OLDER BOARD MEMBER

Fayerweather already makes a profit, no?

Larry Lee opens one of his folders, runs down a list of figures with a ruler, settles on:

LARRY LEE

Last physical year a profit of... two-hundred-nine dollars and eight cents. Off all the damn crops. Six-hundred acres of barley, three-hundred-fifty acres of...

JOHN DEACH

So what exactly's your point, Mr. Brubaker? The Federal Government operates at a loss.

BRUBAKER

The point is that this year we are going to show a large profit just by charging a fair price on the open market. We'll be looking at a cash surplus, and I want my inmate council, men like Mr. Coombes here and Mr. Bullen, to be able to decide how to spend it.

SENATOR HITE

May I butt in a second?

JOHN DEACH

Let the record show that State Senator Charles Hite desires to make a comment.

SENATOR HITE

Mr. Brubaker. A lot of things in this state get short-changed. People can only pay so many taxes. Those officers out in the field deserve to be better trained and better equipped than they are today.

BRUBAKER

I'm sorry, sir, I don't follow you.

Cont.

SENATOR HITE

I think it's time we started to make crime pay...for the taxpayer for once. So if you do start producing excess cash, I am one member of the state legislature who'll be doing his damndest to see it's spent detering crime not making life easier for the criminals that cause all the trouble in the first place.

BRUBAKER

Wait a minute. The issues are food, clothing, shelter, medical care, and hopefully rehabilitation facilities. There haven't been any at Fayerweather because people in your community have been ripping the farm off for years, with the cooperation of most of the trusties who've been living like kings while...

JOHN DEACH

Are you talking about a benign conspiracy? Am I hearing you right?

BRUBAKER

Benign? George? For Christ sakes, say something.

GEORGE

You're doing fine.

BRUBAKER

Look...you don't want men leaving Fayerweather so pissed off and screwed up that all they do is go out on the streets and commit more crime. They don't learn a damn thing on that farm except...

OLDER BOARD MEMBER

...farming. A noble occupation. I am a farmer, Mr. Brubaker.

BRUBAKER

But you want to be a farmer. They don't get a choice. They don't get taught basic reading skills, there's no work release program, no vocational training, Christ, all I can do is paint walls and kill lice.

Cont.

JOHN DEACH

Actually what it sounds like
you're doing is having a party
over there, relinquishing control
right and left.

BRUBAKER

(a look to George)

Delegating authority.

SENATOR HITE

How about we build the convicts a
putting green? Or a miniature
golf course?

OLDER BOARD MEMBER

How 'bout we build them a club
house and one of them whirly hot
tub things?

BRUBAKER

I am getting sick of this dog squeeze!
I got men stuffed into unventilated
buildings, sleeping practically on
top of each other! I got...

JOHN DEACH

What you got is a piss-poor
attitude. Mr. Brubaker, I don't
like you. But that's beside the
point.

BRUBAKER

Oh, hell...

JOHN DEACH

And still I'm telling you this as
a favor to George Bashford who,
for some unknown reason, believes
in you. Do not come marching in
here from wherever the hell he
found you and presume to lecture
us about how to treat our fellow
men. We're all sitting here for
free tonight except you. We all
got other places we could be.

LARRY LEE

Coombes 'n I ain't here for free.

Everyone looks at Larry Lee.

LARRY LEE

What? My bothering you?

Cont.

LEON EDWARDS

We haven't heard a peep out of
you, Mr. Coombes, have we?

Dickie's just been watching, looking mean, sipping a cup
of coffee.

LEON EDWARDS

Assuming you and your colleagues
did have the right to make
budgetary decisions, I'd like to
hear what you'd like to have?

Dickie stares at them a moment, seems about to comment,
then just sort of laughs to himself. THE DOORS OF THE
CHAMBER BURST OPEN...AND GOVERNOR THOMAS DUQUETTE enters
with a PAIR OF AIDES even younger than he is.

Bashford looks from Brubaker to Deach.

JOHN DEACH

(lethal)

Let the record show that the
Honorable Thomas Drew Duquette,
Governor of the...

GOVERNOR

Don't, don't go making a fuss,
John. I just wanted to poke my
nose in and say hello to
Henry Brubaker...

But the Governor is heading straight for Rory Poke. George
gets up fast, sending eye signals to Brubaker who won't
be sucked into all this.

GEORGE

Mr. Governor...I want it to be
my pleasure to introduce you to
Henry Brubaker...

George says it so emphatically that the Governor catches
himself, pivots, bears in on Brubaker, shaking hands so
fast Brubaker's still sitting down.

GOVERNOR

It's an honor. What you've been
able to do at Fayerweather,
Mr. Brubaker, with so little, in
so short a time is a testimony
to the force of decency and common
sense.

BRUBAKER

Thank you...

Cont.

Brubaker catches Dickie's cynical glance, has to avoid it.

GOVERNOR

Now it's our turn. I'm doing everything I can working with men like Senator Hite here to see if we can't get some real money flowing your way. Isn't that right, Charles?

SENATOR HITE

We're talking.

GOVERNOR

You boys all look ready for a break. I wonder if I could borrow Mr. Brubaker and his two associates here for five minutes?

INT. CAPITOL CORRIDOR - EVENING

118

A PHOTO BEING TAKEN...Brubaker, Dickie Coombes, Larry Lee Bullen, and Thomas Drew Duquette arrayed against a marble wall, solidarity of purpose clearly the picture's intended message.

GOVERNOR

Thank you. I'll be proud to have that photograph. Now tell me, straight, no bullshit, how do you read that room in there?

Only George and the PHOTOGRAPHER and the Governor's Aides are out here for the little P.R. session. Brubaker's on the spot. Pause.

BRUBAKER

Treacherous.

GOVERNOR

Let's talk some time. Just you and me.

(of Dickie and Larry Lee)
Or bring these boys in with you.

BRUBAKER

How about now?

(of the chamber)
That's a waste of time in there.

Cont.

GOVERNOR

No, it's not. You scare them.
And I have to be on the other
side of the state in an hour and
a half. Call me. Call George.
He'll set it up.

(shaking hands)

Mr. Coombes, Mr. Bullen, you
fellas have a shot at really
rocking the goddamp boat.

EXT. STATE CAPITOL - NIGHT

119

It's late. Brubaker comes down an expanse of steps with
George. Dickie and Larry Lee precede them, getting into
their car. Other cars are pulling from the curb, the
meeting finally over.

GEORGE

I just keep smiling and I talk
quietly and I talk and I talk and
the days go by and they get bored
and...then I slip something by
them.

BRUBAKER

You drag me down here, snap a few
pictures, and gloss everything over...

GEORGE

People are gonna see that picture
in the papers, Henry. You saw
Leon Edwards in there. You notice
the color of his skin?

(near the car)

It took me only two months to get
him on that board.

BRUBAKER

Congratulations. It took me four
months to get some antibiotics.

GEORGE

Look, my friend, if you don't
figure how the hell to play these
people...you are going to self-
destruct.

(pause)

Okay?

Brubaker pauses, his hand on the car door.

BRUBAKER

And take you with me?

Cont.

GEORGE

(coldly)

No. I'll reform the prison
without you.

Silence. George walks across the street to his own car.
Brubaker looks in at Larry Lee and Dickie.

LARRY LEE

Who here's hungry?

INT. RAMADA INN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

120

A TRIO (TWO WHITE GIRLS AND ONE BLACK GIRL) in slinky
rayon dresses imitate The Supremes for a sparse crowd that
includes Larry Lee Bullen, moving like a cobra through
the haze, closing in on the singers, dancing with himself.

ANGLE ON A TABLE

121

where Brubaker and Dickie are sitting, drinking. Dickie's
having either Screwdrivers or straight orange juice
(nothing affects him anyway), but Brubaker is drunk, very
serious about his fourth Scotch. A WAITRESS arrives with
a giant tray of hamburgers and fries.

WAITRESS (SYLVIA)

How many other people joining you?

BRUBAKER

Just the three of us.

Larry Lee arrives, drops like a shot.

LARRY LEE

I got 'em all positioned. Anchors
aweigh, Captain.

(to the Waitress)

Seagram's Crown Royal. Triple.

(reading her tag)

Sylvia.

Brubaker's got the mustard dispenser, and he's squeezing
it methodically over his hamburger, drawing ever-widening
concentric circles on the patty.

LARRY LEE

You suppose taste food before
you season it or the chef gets
pissed off.

Sylvia leaves.

Cont.

DICKIE

He can't help it, Bullen. He
gotta redecorate everything.
Try to change everything.

BRUBAKER

What is this?...I like mustard!
I'm sick and tired of defending
myself...

LARRY LEE

...When they come over: Vicki,
Nikki and Lorraine, mine's Nikki.

DICKIE

(holding it up)

You see this hamburger, Brubaker?

BRUBAKER

Vaguely...yes.

DICKIE

It don' give a shit 'bout that
hamburger. And that hamburger
don' give a shit 'bout that
hamburger. 'N none of these
fuckin' hamburgers give a shit
'bout them French fries.

LARRY LEE

They been tourin' way the hell
up in Alaska before this gig.

BRUBAKER

(biting)

I give a shit about this hamburger.
And that one...What the hell are
you trying to tell me, Coombes?

DICKIE

How many reform wardens I seen.

BRUBAKER

How many?

DICKIE

Every one of 'em.

BRUBAKER

Even Renfro?

DICKIE

Every fuckin' one of 'em.

INT. RAMADA INN LOBBY - NIGHT

122

Vickie, Lorraine and Nikki all come out of the restaurant with Brubaker, Larry Lee and Dickie, the guys muttering strategy as they cross toward the front desk.

LARRY LEE

No, no, no, shit don' go registerin' everybody...costs you double. I'll check us in. You all sneak upstairs and wait in the elevator...

BRUBAKER

...I'm handling this! Last time you tried something illegal you got a life sentence.

Brubaker approaches the desk, taking out his wallet, a card or two falling out.

LARRY LEE

(to the girls)

Alaska, huh...you must still be cold.

ANGLE ON DESK - MOMENTS LATER

123

Brubaker, Dickie and Larry Lee are at the desk, Brubaker paying.

CLERK

Thank you, sir...now if all the members of your party will sign...

Brubaker drifts toward the girls, but keeps his eye on the action at the desk.

LARRY LEE

(of the form)

What's this firm name shit. What I put here?

DICKIE

(signing)

Fayerweather State Prison Farm.

The Clerk looks unsettled, calls to Brubaker.

CLERK

Sir. Sir?

Brubaker starts back toward the desk.

LORRAINE

I thought he's a record promoter.

Cont.

BRUBAKER

More like an impresario. Soon
as he's paroled.

CLERK

Are these gentlemen...?

BRUBAKER

...Wards of the State...

CLERK

...Look, I'm not sure about our
policy...

BRUBAKER

But...uh...I am responsible for
them. Excuse me...Coombes,
could you guys wait...

Dickie takes Larry Lee away from the desk.

BRUBAKER

(a whisper)

Look...don't worry...these two
guys...they're just tax evaders.

LORRAINE

(to Dickie)

You in jail too?

DICKIE

(laughing)

Not now. Not now. Not now.

INT. RAMADA INN ROOM - NIGHT

124

Vicki is sitting on the bed. Brubaker has his jacket off,
his shirt completely unbuttoned. His belt unbuckled. He's
fiddling with the radio, searching for some mood music. It's
mostly static.

BRUBAKER

Why is everything so unclear?

VICKI

My uncle works for the sanitation
department.

(turning off

the radio)

Let's just talk.

BRUBAKER

Talk?

VICKI

About you...

She pulls him toward her. Brubaker reels a little, his belt coming loose in her hands. He smiles.

BRUBAKER

Please. I have an aversion to the strap.

A knock on the door.

BRUBAKER

It could be important.

He starts opening the door, struggling with several locks. Sylvia, the waitress, stands outside, a car coat over her uniform.

SYLVIA

Bullet.

BRUBAKER

What?

SYLVIA

Mr. Bullet?

BRUBAKER

Sylvia?

SYLVIA

I'm lookin' for Larry Lee Bullet. He says come up to three-oh-six when you get off. There's a party.

Brubaker collects his thoughts, turns back to Vicki who's now taking down the bedspread.

BRUBAKER

(to Sylvia)

Yes, uh...right this way.

ANGLE ON HALLWAY

125

Brubaker steps out, heads down the corridor. Sylvia following him instinctively...past a fairly ordinary-looking COUPLE.

BRUBAKER

Good evening.

He knocks on a door. He POUNDS on the door with the butt of his fist. It opens...Lorraine, the black singer.

LORRAINE

What you do with Vicki?

BRUBAKER
(thinking he's got
the wrong room)
Nothing yet. Sorry, I was looking
for Larry Lee.

LARRY LEE
Hank!

Larry Lee appears behind Lorraine. He's in his boxer shorts holding a can of beer, wearing his sunglasses. The TV is on. The radio is on.

LARRY LEE
You see Goddamn room service? Guy
with some champagne wandering lost?

BRUBAKER
Just Sylvia.

Sylvia heads right inside. This is definitely what she's been looking for.

BRUBAKER
Remember...we gotta be on the
road by four A.M.

LARRY LEE
Things go right I be dead by
three-thirty.

He kisses Lorraine's back, starts to ease her inside. The connecting door to the room next to Larry Lee's opens. Dickie comes in with Nikki, the other white girl.

BRUBAKER
Coombes? Just take charge of
Bullet, I'm off-duty.

Brubaker goes back down the empty hallway, walks back to his own room. The door's locked. His pants are unbuckled, his shirt is unbuttoned. HE KNOCKS. The door opens. It's not his room. A six-year-old Boy in funny pajamas is looking at him.

INT. BRUBAKER'S HOTEL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

126

Brubaker, still dressed, is running cold water from the tap over his head.

VICKI
Is it true...that in prison...a
lot of guys like become, you know...

Cont.

BRUBAKER

What?

VICKI

...I mean homosexuals and like
start taking it for granted?

BRUBAKER

Just the prisoners. Not the
warden...Never the warden...

A pause.

VICKI

It's probably like in some ways
even worse for the warden, I
bet, right?

Vicki puts her arms around him in a soothing, if not exactly
passionate manner.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAWN

127

Brubaker's car speeds along the narrow roadway.

INT. CAR - DAWN

128

Dickie's at the wheel, Brubaker asleep in front with him,
Larry Lee wide awake in the backseat, still drinking beer.
The RADIO's broadcasting an agricultural report.

LARRY LEE

Yeah, fights, jailhouses, love
affairs, 'n courtrooms 'n tragic
love affairs is my natural
habitat. I pay fines like most
men pay mortgages. I'm talkin'
too much. I don't normally like
lettin' my emotions show.
Murderers is like that, pent up.

DICKIE

Bullen, you're so full of shit,
you ain't never killed nobody.

BRUBAKER

(eyes closed)
Yeah...but he's young yet.

EXT. FAYERWEATHER - DAWN

129

Soft first light dusts over the prison. Nothing's moving
anywhere. SEVERAL ANGLES build up a sense of expectation.
A LONG SHOT. It takes us a moment to realize what's wrong
with this picture: A BODY hangs by its neck from the
flagpole.

INT. CAR - DAWN

130

It's approaching the prison. Up ahead, through the windshield, Dickie can see activity by the main gate, Buggoms and Zaranska running up to meet them, carrying shotguns, looking frantic.

EXT. FAYERWEATHER YARD - DAWN

131

Abraham Cooke is dead, dangling from the flagpole. Buggoms and Zaranska lead the car on foot. Dickie slams on the brakes, jumps out. Brubaker and Larry Lee climb out.

BRUBAKER

Get him down.

BUGGOMS

I was on watch desk all night.
I found him ten minutes ago...

BRUBAKER

Get him down!

Buggoms starts untying the rope from its hitch.

BRUBAKER

Larry, get the Doc. Wake Purcell
up, get him into my office.

BUGGOMS

I need a hand here.

Zaranska offers it. Brubaker doesn't move.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAWN

132

A shambles, file cabinets tipped over, paper strewn everywhere. Brubaker stands at his desk, the apparatus still brazenly on his blotter...dry cell batteries, the old crank telephone.

Dickie is sitting in a chair. ROY PURCELL is here now, upset.

BRUBAKER

What the hell is going on here,
man? You in the habit of giving
out keys to my office?

ROY PURCELL

No, I mean, shit...you got a
hundred guys in here coulda picked
that lock, but it's my fault. I
shoulda checked...

BRUBAKER

Purcell, get the doctor in here.

Roy Purcell ducks out. Silence. Brubaker picks up one of the wire leads from the dry cells.

BRUBAKER

Why?

DICKIE

Only you know that, man. They did it in your fuckin' office. They're talkin' to you.

Brubaker puts his right hand on the crank, holds both wire leads, positive and negative, together in his left hand.

BRUBAKER

Some confused, addle-brain story about a body, about bodies, chopped up, out by Camp Four... Five...

DICKIE

The cornfield?

BRUBAKER

I wasn't listening closely, shit, it didn't make any sense!

JOLT! Brubaker turns the crank, shocks himself.

BRUBAKER

Get the motherfuckers that did this, Coombes, you understand? You get 'em and bring 'em in here.

DICKIE

I'll get 'em dead for you. But that's all.

BRUBAKER

I want them alive!
(scrutinizing
the wire)
Get outta here.

ANGLE ON CORRIDOR

133

Dickie steps out, shaken, moved by the look he's just seen on Brubaker's face. He intercepts Dr. Campbell about to enter the Warden's Office, turns him back, allowing Brubaker the full play of his emotional turmoil.

EXT. FAYERWEATHER CAMP FIVE FIELD - MORNING

134

A rolling hill spills down toward the levee...little more than a still life...until we begin to perceive silhouettes,

134 Cont.

a DOZEN MEN moving over the crest, carrying shovels, men like Dickie and Larry Lee and Glenn, Mr. Clarence Zaranska, Buggoms, Leonard Ng, Jerome Boyd, all of them starting to dig in the cold, wet earth down by the river.

ANGLES ON THE DIGGING

135

There must be three or four acres of meadow down here... Brubaker's directing the operation, moving among the diggers, carrying a shovel himself.

Larry Lee and Dickie are drinking coffee warmed on a Coleman stove. Roy Purcell appears, pours himself some coffee.

ROY PURCELL

Suppose he finds something. I mean so go ahead 'n say he does. What's it gonna tell him?

Roy Purcell looks worried, something Dickie picks up on.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LATE DAY

136

A quarter of the area pock-marked with shallow holes, everybody still digging, exhausted. A few Trusties have appeared on horseback, curious, Huey Rauch among them.

Brubaker is wielding his shovel. A COLD DRIZZLE'S started to fall. Mr. Clarence walks up to him.

MR. CLARENCE

Got a box over to where I'm at.

Brubaker looks at Dickie. This is it.

ANGLE ON THE GRAVESITE

137

The last few shovels of dirt are scooped away, exposing a crude wooden container. Larry Lee's right down in the hole with the Rankmen, prying up the lid. The box is filled with mud.

LARRY LEE

Careful now, careful now...don't mess up no evidence.

BRUBAKER

Scoop it out. A handful at a time.

ZARANSKA'S VOICE

(ten yards o.s.)

Got one this hole too!

BRUBAKER

Dickie, get over there. Spoon it out if you have to.

EXT. FAYERWEATHER MOTOR POOL - DUSK

138

A grisly scene: two makeshift coffins lined up on the concrete, Dr. Campbell moving back and forth from box to box, inspecting the contents. Brubaker's under cover here with him, and so are Larry Lee and Dickie and Roy Purcell. Rain beats A STEADY TATTOO on the corrugated metal roof, wraps everything in the weirdest sound...

BRUBAKER

I don't want this getting out.
Keep this quiet.

DICKIE

Nobody takes a piss around here
it's not heard twelve miles away.

DR. CAMPBELL

The skulls are crushed, but you
know...I'm just not a pathologist.

A TELEPHONE RINGS. Larry Lee goes to answer it.

ROY PURCELL

Been in the ground a long time
whatever they are.

Brubaker turns on Roy Purcell sharply, stares at him.

BRUBAKER

They are men, Purcell, dead men.

LARRY LEE

(loud)

George Bashford returnin' your call.

ANGLE ON BRUBAKER

139

on the phone, talking.

BRUBAKER

Somewhere off the farm. Private.
Tomorrow morning. Sunday. Before
church then. George, I have two
bodies, hard proof. And I don't
know how many more there are. A
lot. I think there's been mass
murder going on in here.
Abraham Cooke tried to tell me
...and he got killed. Because
I was too stupid to...

(pause)

Just you and Edwards if you can
really trust him. Friends. We
can rip this place open if we
handle it...

(pause)

Great, okay, I won't. We're
locking them in a freezer
tonight. I'll need autopsies.

Cont.

BRUBAKER (Cont.)

(pause)
 Okay. Okay. No...earlier. Eight
 A.M. I'll see you. Yeah. Eight.

Brubaker hangs up, looks across at the coffins, at Larry Lee, Dickie, Campbell, Roy Purcell.

INT. WARDEN'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

140

Brubaker's all alone, frantically looking through drawers, finding what he wants -- a shoe box. He takes the shoes out, goes to his table, carefully lifts a small object swathed in cloth. He sets it into the shoe box.

EXT. GRANGE HALL - EARLY SUNDAY MORNING

141

An old brick structure in the middle of a picnic grounds, only two cars parked in the lot as Brubaker's pickup arrives. He gets out, carrying that shoe box, tied now with string.

INT. GRANGE HALL - EARLY SUNDAY MORNING

142

Brubaker comes inside. It's eerie. Dusty shafts of sunlight come down into the meeting room, fall across TWO FIGURES waiting in a space designed to hold several hundred. Brubaker walks toward them...George Bashford and Leon Edwards.

BRUBAKER

(smiling)

I hope you guys are ready to roll.
 Because I'm giving you one week
 with this then I'm...

GEORGE

Way ahead of you, Henry.

Brubaker stops. They're not alone. Senator Hite sits off to the side, wearing a windbreaker, looking quite down home.

BRUBAKER

You called him?

LEON EDWARDS

No. The Senator phoned George
 last night. Word gets around.

BRUBAKER

I have nothing to say to this man.

Senator Hite stands up, comes forward. George winks at Brubaker, a mystifying little gesture.

SENATOR HITE

Let me just put this simple as I
 can: You've got to stop digging.

BRUBAKER

Stop? Why?

Cont.

SENATOR HITE

Because you are salaried to run a prison, Mr. Brubaker, not embarrass this State.

BRUBAKER

How am I embarrassing you, George? I want to hear this.

GEORGE

Not me.

SENATOR HITE

You have made your point, sir. Your point has been taken. We are going to release funds.

GEORGE

Listen to what he's saying, Henry.

SENATOR HITE

You can hire people, agricultural people, a certified public accountant. Hire yourself an entire clerical staff. Am I making myself understood?

BRUBAKER

No. George? What's going on?

GEORGE

(diplomatically)

I think the Senator is exhibiting uncommon foresight.

BRUBAKER

Secretaries? For Christ sakes, I'm talking about murder!

Brubaker starts tearing the paper and string off his shoe box.

SENATOR HITE

(so calmly)

Really? That field out by the levee was an old pauper's graveyard when my granddaddy was alive. It's a matter of historical record.

Brubaker pulls out a bleached skull fragment -- a fractured occipital lobe, some broken teeth in a partial jaw.

BRUBAKER

How did this man die, Goddamn it?

Cont.

LEON EDWARDS

(disgusted)

Jesus Christ, Brubaker...

BRUBAKER

What's the matter? This not the time or the place or something?

SENATOR HITE

...To discuss the alleged death of an unidentified victim by an unknown cause some twenty years ago? No, it is not.

BRUBAKER

(whirling on
Senator Hite)

Who told you I found this? Who's frightened?

GEORGE

You are getting what you want.

BRUBAKER

Just starting to get what I want. An old man was murdered two days ago. There's a connection.

SENATOR HITE

Time to cut through the shit: grave robbing's a felony in this State. You won't want to wind up in jail here.

GEORGE

He means it.

BRUBAKER

I'm calling the Governor.

GEORGE

He knows.

Brubaker just stands there for a second, crazed, staring at George now. But George doesn't blink. Brubaker turns and walks out. Edwards follows.

EXT. GRANGE HALL - DAY

143

LEON EDWARDS

Brubaker! No one is asking you to stop the digging. We're ordering you to. I don't like being put in a corner.

BRUBAKER

You don't know shit, Edwards.
Another token liberal who doesn't...

Leon Edwards comes at him, fast, hard, with an awesome intensity.

LEON EDWARDS

I want you to listen to this nice token nigger for a minute. I know you got a high opinion of yourself. Most of it I agree with. But you don't know all there is to know about the inmate mentality. Not like I do because I done two years in Atlanta for real. Not a week in disguise. People expect to die in prison. They just want to eat well and stay warm in winter and cool in summer while they're waiting. And that ass hole in there is offering you exactly that for those men. Take it.

BRUBAKER

No. I won't.

Silence.

BRUBAKER

You through?

LEON EDWARDS

I'm through.

BRUBAKER

I got a prison to run.

Brubaker heads for his pickup.

LEON EDWARDS

I hope so.

INT. PICKUP - LATE SUNDAY MORNING

144

Brubaker's driving, tension in the man, a coiled spring. OVER HIS SHOULDER, up ahead at the junction something's going on near Pig's. A CROWD...the Fayerweather bus...families and police cars.

EXT. JUNCTION TOWN - LATE SUNDAY MORNING

145

STATE TROPPERS are trying to explain to a HUNDRED WIVES, GIRL FRIENDS, KIDS, PARENTS why they can't go past a barricade

101

145 Cont.

and board the prison bus. Brubaker pulls up, yells to the TRUSTY BUS DRIVER.

BRUBAKER

What the hell's wrong?

BUS DRIVER

No more visiting privileges.

Brubaker guns his pickup, speeds toward the barricade, brakes hard. A STATE TROOPER approaches him as he's getting out.

ANGLE ON CAPTAIN CLEAVES

146

coming over from the barricade, clearly in charge here. He sees Brubaker try to step past the Trooper, a scuffle between them, Brubaker spun around into a half-Nelson, a pistol to the back of his head.

TROOPER

Man's nuts...thinks he can park his vehicle anywhere...

CAPTAIN CLEAVES

Leave go. We's old buddies.

Captain Cleaves leads Brubaker back toward the pickup.

BRUBAKER

Who ordered this?

CAPTAIN CLEAVES

What, the barricade?

BRUBAKER

I got men waiting to see their wives and kids...

CAPTAIN CLEAVES

I don't know where it come from all of a sudden, a phone call from upstairs is all I know. Seems like a shitty thing to do, but I got orders, you know what I mean.

(of the Trooper)

He didn't know who you was.

BRUBAKER

I think he did.

EXT. FAYERWEATHER YARD - LATE SUNDAY MORNING

147

Brubaker's pickup speeds in. Rankmen have massed in the yard, angry, confused, dressed in their finest clothes. Word of the barricade has come back already.

SHOUTS

Where's my wife? What the hell's going on?

Brubaker gets out, heads for the administration building.

102

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - NOON

148

Dickie Coombes is there, Larry Lee Bullen, Purcell, Dr. Campbell, all of them getting orders from Brubaker as he unfurls a huge geological survey map, knocking over his out basket in the process, Purcell scampering to collect the scattered correspondence.

BRUBAKER

I want the press. Purcell!

ROY PURCELL

Yes, sir.

BRUBAKER

You get on the phone and call the TV networks, wire services and every Goddamn newspaper you can think of. Tell them we got a scandal that...

ROY PURCELL

All's we got is two bodies... I thought you had a policy no press on the farm.

BRUBAKER

We're going public with this one. Bullen, Coombes, I want a crew of fifty men with shovels...

LARRY LEE

On Sunday? They ain't gonna want...

BRUBAKER

I'm working. Purcell? Get going!

EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON

149

DIGGING, FIFTY RANKMEN turning the soil, systematically crosshatching Camp Five's old cornfield, Brubaker among them, supervising, spotting A LOCAL TV MOBILE UNIT pulling up.

SAME SCENE - (LATER)

150

A DOZEN NEW HOLES have been dug with no luck. There are some NEWSPAPER REPORTERS present now too, strictly small-town variety. Brubaker's giving an impromptu interview.

REPORTER

I'd like to know where this is all heading, Mr. Brubaker.

BRUBAKER

I don't know. That's why we're digging.

REPORTER

Gonna take up the whole farm?

ANOTHER TRUCKLOAD OF RANKMEN arrives to spell those who've been digging all afternoon.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY (LATE)

151

Huey Rauch comes in, out of breath, jogs down the hall to a desk where Purcell is making calls, making lists, going crazy.

ROY PURCELL

(into phone)

Well, Mr. Brubaker already is digging personally himself this time. You get your cameras out there or you miss out. I got another line, hold on.

(hits a phone button)

Which magazine you belong to?
This 'Time'?

Huey can't believe it. He reaches down, cuts Purcell's connection.

HUEY

You outta your fuckin' mind,
Purcell?

ROY PURCELL

What my supposed to do? He give me a list, says call 'em. I'm supposed to say I forgot?

HUEY

You start gettin' TV cameras into here some worm wanna be a star! Somebody gonna say about what happened to Abraham. That's another thirty years 'n I don't got that kind a time to waste anymore. Not on Brubaker.

ROY PURCELL

(coldly)

So what do we do, kill him?

HUEY

Jesus Christ, Purcell...you somethin' else.

ROY PURCELL

Hey, prison board'll stop him then.

HUEY

Bullshit! They already tried to
buy the dumb son of a bitch!

INT. RANKS BARRACKS - DUSK

152

The first shift of diggers is just getting back, filthy,
flopping onto bunks, stripping down. Huey comes right in
among them, starts agitating...

HUEY

When you boys get wise?
Brubaker workin' you into the
fuckin' ground on Sunday lookin'
for diseased carcasses men been
dead 'n rottin' thirty years!
I say get the damn press in here,
talk to you boys. Not to him.
Then they learn what's really
goin' down here today!

DICKIE'S VOICE

(o.s.)
What is goin' down, Huey? You tell
me.

Huey turns. Dickie's standing in the barracks with him --
two Trustees surrounded by all those Rankmen. Huey regains
control of himself, takes Dickie aside...

HUEY

Okay, lookit, you got that man's
ear. What the fuck is he after?
Don' he know he's just askin' to
wake up dead? There's talk. I
cannot control it.

DICKIE

You the only one I hear talkin'.

HUEY

Look, the whole entire thing
with Abraham was an accident.
I know the guys that did it...

DICKIE

Who?

HUEY

I don't rat. Point is we can't
go tearin' everythin' down 'cause
a one ol' deaf man.

Wrong thing to say. Dickie grabs Huey by the throat, slams
him up against the wall. Everyone's watching Huey's face
turn blue.

DICKIE

Abraham did his time. He wasn't
part a this place no more.

Huey may be finished. Dickie lets go at the last second.

HUEY

(gasping)

You just a prisoner, man...a
victim like the rest of us in
here...it's the same fuckin' boat.

Dickie looks at him a second.

DICKIE

I'm a nigger, Huey. 'N you a
redneck ass hole. Someday soon
one of us gonna be extinct.

Dickie turns, walks out through all the silent Rankmen.

HUEY

(after him)

I wanna know right now, Coombes,
before you walk outta here, whose
side you on?

No reply. The Rankmen are looking at Huey.

HUEY

What the hell you starin' at?

(grabs a bunk,

upends it)

They is pissin' in your faces!

Another bunk, crashing against the first! But they all just
watch Huey, his desperate efforts to rally them...

HUEY

Brubaker took away you reason work
hard 'n be smart 'n be a Trusty
when he stole my TV! 'N burned up
my house! He come down against
individual initiative!

(backing through them)

Shit, you take it, you don't
deserve no better than a discount
warden.

Silence, eerie silence. Huey gets his ass out.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS have gathered, not just the local
press now, but a more sophisticated, cosmopolitan collection

of media ambulance chasers. Work lights and auto headlights and photo floods cast a strange glow. SILHOUETTES...the SOUND OF CONSTANT DIGGING...and then A BOX is suddenly lifted from one of the holes. People converge.

Brubaker's running the show, a small crowbar in hand, Dr. Campbell at his side. Larry Lee is watching. Brubaker removes the lid, slips backward, nauseated. Dr. Campbell sticks a forceps into the box. VIDEO TAPE AND FILM IS ROLLING. He pulls the forceps out slowly...a bone...worse... A HUMAN HAND...barely holding together but unmistakable.

TV NEWSMAN

What the hell is it?

DR. CAMPBELL

A broken arm.

REPORTER'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Jesus...broken?

TV NEWSMAN

But it's in a coffin...

BRUBAKER

A box.

DIGGER'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Dead man over to here!

Another body in another hole twenty yards away. Brubaker starts to go, gets stopped by a shout.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Mr. Brubaker...hold it a second.
Could we just line up a shot
here of you and this...

The remains. Brubaker's handed a shovel.

REPORTER #1

Hold the shovel...no, not up,
down, like you're digging...

TV NEWSMAN

Who killed them all you think?

BRUBAKER

I can only speculate.

TV NEWSMAN

So speculate.

Cont.

BRUBAKER

Every one of these men was murdered, or ordered murdered by a Trusty.

A FLASHBULB GOES OFF IN HIS FACE.

DAWN

154

Twenty boxes have been pulled out of the ground, the earth starting to give up its secrets like a motherlode. This is news, grisly front-page material, an anchorman's dream.

DR. CAMPBELL

(examining a box)

Both lower leg bones severed from the thighs and stacked in beside the knees. Legs appear to have been cut off...skull lying under the right arm.

REPORTER #2

What about their families? Their records? How the hell do you hide this?

BRUBAKER

Records you misfile. Families hear a guy was paroled two years ago. 'What, he never contacted you? Hey, that's not our fault. We just take care of the man while he's here. After that, it's his life.'

A pickup's rolled in, Buggoms and Dickie gotten out. They're approaching the crowd, Buggoms waving discreetly for Brubaker.

BRUBAKER

Excuse me a second...

TV NEWSMAN

Dr. Campbell, can you explain, why the mutilation?

DR. CAMPBELL

Easier to shorten the man than lengthen the box, I imagine.

Silence. Dr. Campbell extracts a HUMAN FEMUR. IT APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN SAWED NEATLY IN TWO.

Cont.

DICKIE
(just to Brubaker)
Got a runaway vehicle, Huey Rauch
'n Roy Purcell in it.

BRUBAKER
Purcell? Purcell?

BUGGOMS
Abraham.

Brubaker collects his thoughts.

BRUBAKER
How long ago?

DICKIE
Thirty minutes. Just before dawn.

BUGGOMS
Right out the front door.

BRUBAKER
Okay. Buggoms...I need some time.
Keep these guys here, talk to
them, about soil conditions,
decay, whatever.

Buggoms looks at Dickie.

BUGGOMS
Okay, sure...

EXT. MOTOR POOL - EARLY MORNING

155

Dickie, Larry Lee, Frank Zaraska, a carefully chosen group
of men. Brubaker's taking them over toward a pair of pickups
everyone talking fast...

ZARASKA
How about the cops? Anybody call
the cops yet?

LARRY LEE
Cops'll kill the motherfucker
for sure.

DICKIE
Huey ain't just runnin'. He's
runnin' somewhere.

BRUBAKER
I want Huey Rauch alive. He's my
link to the outside. He goes on
trial, it all comes out.

LARRY LEE
What 'bout Purcell? He open
season?

109

INT. PIG'S CAFE BAR - MORNING

156

Huey and Purcell are in here, dealing with Pig. They're both armed. Carol's in a corner watching...

PIG

Phone's right there. Nobody's takin' my car.

Purcell goes to the phone.

HUEY

Maybe you cousin send his car then.

PIG

What, John Deach? Send you his car?

ROY PURCELL

What's his number at home?

Roy's ready to dial.

INT. PICKUP #1 - MORNING

157

Brubaker and Larry Lee are in here, teamed up, strategizing as Brubaker drives, approaches the junction. Larry Lee holds two pump shotguns.

LARRY LEE

They got a truck, they got a half hour, they be fifty miles away by now.

BRUBAKER

It's connections. Everything around here is connections.

Brubaker swings into Pig's parking lot. Carol is crossing the gravel with a basket of wash.

LARRY LEE

Nobody be stupid enough run this short. It's too damn obvious.

Carol sees them, starts to hurry around back. Brubaker floors it, cuts her off, looks at Larry Lee.

BRUBAKER

You know her better.

LARRY LEE

(through his open window)
I'm ask this once, Carol: you seen Huey Rauch 'n Purcell the last hour?

CAROL

(trapped, uneasy)
They come through wantin' my brother's car...he said no way. So they called up Mr. Woodward 'n talked to him 'n left.

BRUBAKER

C.P. Woodward?

INT. PICKUP #2 - MORNING

158

Dickie is driving, Zaranska riding shotgun. They motor cautiously through the burned-out area around the squatters' shacks, head on toward that old road the supermarket trucks were using.

Dickie stops. Zaranska jumps out, reconnoiters up near the fence. The gate to the main road is secured by a chain. There's no tire tracks either. No truck's come out this way. Zaranska points off toward the horizon. A SMALL HOUSE is all we see.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - MORNING

159

Dickie and Zaranska approach the small house, warily. It's isolated. There's a sofa in the front yard. Zaranska cocks his weapon. Dickie KNOCKS on the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

What'd ya want?

DICKIE

Hello. We're from Fayerweather Prison Farm, ma'am, an' what we'd like to do is use your phone an' make a call to report in where we're at.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Get your ass off my property. I got a gun.

ZARANSKA

(wink to Dickie)

Is there some pay phone around here then we could use?

Dickie can't believe the throw of Zaranska's logic.

DICKIE

Ma'am, listen carefully here: what we're really doin' is lookin' for two escaped men.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

You're convicts, ain't ya?

DICKIE

Yes, ma'am, we are, that's right.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Then how I know you not excaped?
I'm callin' the law...

ZARANSKA

Hell, fuck, ma'am, we are the law.

111

EXT. HOUSE IN TOWN - MORNING

160

Brubaker and Larry Lee drive up to a nice house in a nice neighborhood. Brubaker kills the engine.

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

161

It opens. A CHINESE HOUSEBOY, sleepy-eyed, peers out.

BRUBAKER

Like to talk to C.P. Woodward,
please.

HOUSEBOY

Mr. Woodward Florida.

LARRY LEE

Shit.

BRUBAKER

When?

HOUSEBOY

Boca Raton. Two week.

Brubaker shoves the door all the way open. A FRIGHTENED CHINESE WOMAN is standing in the living room in her pajamas.

LARRY LEE

Huey didn't call him long
distance, that's for damn sure.

INT. PICKUP #2 - MORNING

162

Dickie's driving, his CB mike in hand. Zaranska is watching anxiously.

DICKIE

Coombes talkin', Mr. Brubaker,
Mr. Brubaker.

There's no response.

ZARANSKA

Wild goose chase.

DICKIE

Mr. Brubaker, come in.

Silence.

EXT. JUNCTION - MORNING

163

Brubaker's pickup. Empty. It's parked across from Pig's...
Dickie's VOICE COMING OVER THE CB.

ANGLE ON BRUBAKER AND LARRY LEE

164

as they move in on Pig's, come around back.

INT. PIG'S CAFE BAR - MORNING

The escapees are nowhere to be seen. Pig is tapping a fresh keg. Hank Snow is singing Gene MacLellan's "Just Bidin' My Time" on the jukebox. Larry Lee suddenly walks in the back door behind the bar. Pig doesn't flinch. He looks at Larry Lee's shotgun.

PIG

Ain't open yet.

Brubaker steps in through the front door. Pig looks at him.

BRUBAKER

Where's your sister at, Pig?

PIG

What, Carol?

Brubaker's moving carefully through aisles of dry goods, shelves piled shoulder-high.

PIG

Upstairs makin' my breakfast.

LARRY LEE

What's cookin'?

He starts for the stairway leading up to Pig's private domain.

PIG

She don't like men in her kitchen.

ANGLE ON BRUBAKER

He's found something -- some work shirts in conspicuous disarray, a stack knocked onto the floor.

BRUBAKER

Larry?

But Larry Lee doesn't hear. He's already halfway up the stairs.

PIG

What the fuck is this? This is my castle. You can't come walk all over me. I'm callin' the police.

BRUBAKER

Call 'em.

PIG

Hey, I will.

But Pig doesn't budge. He looks toward the stairs.

113

ANGLE ON LARRY LEE - AT THE TOP

167

putting his hand on the doorknob. He throws the door open, aiming his shotgun in!

ANGLE ON KITCHEN

168

It's empty...A DOZEN FRESHLY-MADE SANDWICHES stacked on the counter. Larry Lee steps in, weapon still pointing around.

ANGLE ON BRUBAKER - DOWNSTAIRS

169

He moves toward a big wooden door, padlocked.

BRUBAKER

Open this.

PIG

It's cold storage.

BRUBAKER

Open it.

ANGLE UPSTAIRS

170

Larry Lee looks into the kitchenette, at the stack of sandwiches. He goes into one of the two bedrooms...empty. He yanks opens a closet...empty...

Larry Lee checks the other bedroom...empty. He crosses to the bathroom door, stands carefully to one side of it.

LARRY LEE

Yo, Carol?

Silence.

LARRY LEE

It's Larry Lee Bullen 'n I gotta come in.

CAROL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Don't you dare.

Larry Lee puts his hand on the door. It's locked.

LARRY LEE

Stand back if you won't unlock it.

CAROL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

My brother gonna go through the
ceillin' he hears you come up
here like this. You crazy?

Cont.

LARRY LEE
I'm on duty. Cut the shit 'n
open the door, Carol.

But she won't. Larry Lee draws his own conclusions.

LARRY LEE
Okay, Carol, I'll be downstairs
when you're done.

He backpedals slowly away from the bathroom, steps out into
the stairwell. He comes down slowly, keeping his eyes on the
apartment.

LARRY LEE
Cap'n.

Brubaker's at the storage locker with Pig, about to get a view
inside. He looks across at Larry Lee.

LARRY LEE
There's a connection.

BRUBAKER
A what?

THE DOOR STARTS TO OPEN WIDER AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.
Larry Lee's the closest to it, but Brubaker steps forward now
too, shotgun ready..

BRUBAKER
(to Larry Lee) .
Alive.

A strange sight up above...A YELLOW FLORAL FLAG (DAISIES)...
a PAIR OF PANTIES suspended from a rifle barrel...silence...
and then Carol's face appears...Huey behind her, using her as
a shield...

HUEY
Whyn't we talk this thing over? I
don' bear no man here no ill wind.

LARRY LEE
That might be a smart idea. Let
her go first.

HUEY
Hey, sure...

And Huey shoves Carol out at Larry Lee, a devious, deadly
gesture. Larry Lee lifts his shotgun at Huey...

BRUBAKER
NO!

Larry Lee hesitates. But Huey doesn't. He BLASTS Larry Lee square in the chest, killing him instantly.

Carol stumbles by Brubaker. He looks up, sees Huey pumping another shell into the chamber...no time to think. Brubaker fires, hammers Huey back into the apartment, dead.

Carol flies into her brother's arms at the bottom of the stairs. Silence. Purcell appears up top, hands raised, shaking...

ROY PURCELL

Don' shoot, Jesus, don' shoot...
he's blowed all apart up here.

Brubaker is frozen in place. He can't move. He can't think. The cafe door opens. Dickie Coombes enters, Zaranska visible back out in the street.

Dickie takes it all in...Larry Lee lying twisted at Brubaker's feet...Carol crying.

INT. FAYERWEATHER MESS - DAY

171

An informal hearing in progress, droning on, the Mess hastily converted to handle everything. George Bashford, Leon Edwards and the rest of the prison board are arrayed before a witness chair where a small man in a suit and bow tie, DR. GREGORY, testifies.

There are SEVEN or EIGHT REPORTERS present, Local Press and National Wire Service. A STATE TROOPER is standing by the exit. Dr. Campbell is in the front row. There aren't any inmates here. Brubaker isn't here.

DR. GREGORY

You just can't say conclusively, responsibly, that there is hard evidence on any one of those skeletons of unnatural death.

JOHN DEACH

And you've examined all the remains in, what, a laboratory environment?

DR. GREGORY

I have, yes.

JOHN DEACH

But the broken bones, Dr. Gregory...

DR. GREGORY

They could be due to blunt trauma. Though you need to temper that with the knowledge that those self-same fractures could have occurred several years after death due to a cave-in of the grave walls.

116

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

172

Brubaker's alone, emptying the contents of his desk into an old briefcase. THE PHONE RINGS. He doesn't answer it, instead takes a manila envelope from a cabinet, takes it to his desk where he puts a ring inside, and a pair of sunglasses that we recognize at once to be Larry Lee Bullen's. Brubaker seals the envelope, puts it in the out basket, then reclaims it, puts it into his briefcase.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

173

Brubaker comes out of the office, carrying his briefcase and an armful of files past Roy Purcell's empty desk. THE PHONE IS RINGING OUT HERE TOO. There aren't any prisoners around. The place looks deserted.

INT. FAYERWEATHER MESS - DAY

174

The hearing still in progress...

DR. CAMPBELL

(from his seat)

You don't have to be in practice twenty years to recognize a skull violently crushed to the size of a grapefruit...

JOHN DEACH

Son, I have got the forensic expert's report sitting in front of me here. And it's not all that clear on that point.

Brubaker comes in at the back of the Mess. Deach notices him. Reporters turn around. Brubaker says nothing, leans against the wall, looks at George Bashford.

DR. GREGORY

You've probably got a couple dozen or so indigent inmates buried in an old pauper's graveyard. Anything else, I think you're in the realm of pure speculation.

REPORTER (PARTRIDGE)

Like you mean trying to figure out why the heads were chopped off?

JOHN DEACH

I am going to put it to you, Mr. Partridge, that this board is quite capable of questioning its witnesses. And that this whole procedure could just as easily have been a closed hearing.

PARTRIDGE

What I think would be in the best interest of all parties and the people of this State might be if we could hear Mr. Brubaker's thoughts on his suspension.

JOHN DEACH

Mr. Brubaker will have his day in court. Right now our primary responsibility is to those dead men. I want to facilitate the decent Christian reinterment of the remains.

PARTRIDGE

How about that, Mr. Brubaker? Any comment about what you think should be a priority?

BRUBAKER

Priority?

(pause)

Well, I tried to reach the Governor on that and give him my thoughts.

(a look to George)

But we all know what a busy man he is.

JOHN DEACH

I think the board can...

BRUBAKER

And how dependable his staff is...

JOHN DEACH

...Whatever you had to say to the Governor...

BRUBAKER

I was going to suggest to him that the best way in the future to prevent all this trouble and confusion and waste of everyone's time and the taxpayers' money was the next time a man got sentenced to Fayweather just take him out back of the courthouse and shoot him.

JOHN DEACH

All right, that's enough!

Cont.

BRUBAKER

It might act as a deterrent to crime. If a boy holds up a gas station...kill him. If an old man can't deliver on the farm, kill him. You might as well legislate it, because that's what's been going on here anyway.

Brubaker heads for the exit toward the posted State Trooper.

JOHN DEACH

You stay here and answer to those remarks, mister!

REPORTER

It's our understanding the State is accusing you of grave robbery. Any response?

GEORGE

Those charges have not actually been filed.

The room goes totally still, seems as empty as the statement.

TROOPER

(quietly)

You want me bring him back for you, Mr. Bashford?

GEORGE

(ashamed)

No. Nobody touches him.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

175

Brubaker walks down the long hallway, light at the far end, SILHOUETTES OF TWO MORE TROOPERS way down there by the door. Brubaker's HEEL CLICKS ECHO off the brittle linoleum.

EXT. FAYERWEATHER - DAY

176

Brubaker steps into the cold sunshine. The road ahead stretches toward the main gate. He stands there alone for a moment...

...and then a POLICE CAR appears one hundred yards ahead, coming from the warden's house, through the main gate, toward Brubaker. He's too impatient to wait for it, starts walking the road, past a parallel run of chainlink fencing...

119

REVERSE ANGLE - THE YARD

177

ONE THOUSAND PRISONERS, grouped in the center of the yard, beyond the chainlink. STATE TROOPERS, in riot gear, form a loose perimeter around the Rankmen.

ANGLE INSIDE THE YARD

178

Brubaker is visible beyond the fencing, walking on the road toward the oncoming car.

ANGLE OUTSIDE THE FENCING

179

Brubaker keeps his eyes forward, tries not to make contact with the prisoners, just walks straight ahead.

Dickie Coombes is in the squad car. He gets out, makes way for Brubaker to get in. The TROOPER driving gets out, opens the trunk for Brubaker's briefcase and files. His suitcases are already in the car.

Dickie takes the files from Brubaker.

BRUBAKER

I got them, it's okay.

ANGLE INSIDE THE YARD

180

Zaranska, Glenn, Ng, Fenway Park, Caldwell, they all know what's going on. Word is spreading fast. And then it begins, nothing organized, just a mass movement of the entire prison population, Rankmen and Trustees alike, toward that chainlink fence. The Troopers cock their weapons. The Rankmen move right on past.

ANGLE ON RORY POKE

181

He's in the center of the yard, in charge of things, standing near Captain Cleaves as the prisoners press toward the fence...

RORY POKE

What the hell...

CAPTAIN CLEAVES

Brubaker.

Rory sees him.

RORY POKE

Captain, I ain't takin' this shit.
You got guns. I want these men
controlled.

ANGLE OUTSIDE THE FENCING

182

Dickie slams the trunk shut.

BRUBAKER

You watch out for Poke. Watch
out for them all.

DICKIE

Fuck Poke.

(a pause)

You worked for 'em. They can't
fire me.

BRUBAKER

They can do a lot worse.

Brubaker starts to get into the car.

DICKIE

Wait a minute. C'mere.

Brubaker comes over, ten yards from a thousand guys standing
six-deep at the fence, trying to see, very quiet, staring.

DICKIE

I never shook no hands with no
warden before.

Dickie extends his hand. Brubaker is hesitant. He looks over
to the massed inmates.

BRUBAKER

What's this...a little theatre?

DICKIE

That's right.

BRUBAKER

What's right?

DICKIE

You were, Henry.
(pause)

Thanks.

They shake hands.

ANGLE INSIDE THE YARD - AGAINST THE FENCE

183

A crush of bodies, everyone trying to get a view of Brubaker
and Dickie, but there's just too many guys. They ask each
other to make room, move over because there's no way they can
all get a look unless they cooperate, watch out for each
other, create the space. It starts happening, guys clinging
to the chainlink, lifting themselves higher so others can
see, bunching together, making room for each other...Trusties
and Rankmen alike.

THE END

FADE OUT

On November 2, 1972, twenty-four inmates, led by Richard Daniel Coombes, brought suit against Fayerweather Prison Farm for cruel and inhuman punishment. A U.S. District Judge ruled in their favor, ordering that the prison either be reformed or closed by Federal Decree. The Governor was not reelected. Henry Brubaker has never again been employed as a warden.

A CRAWL:

Brubaker gets into the State Police car, heads out towards the free world. Dickie turns and walks back into prison.